

Children's Newspaper

The C.N. and 100 Heads
See the C.P. for 100 Bodies

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 317

Week Ending
APRIL 11, 1925

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

A WONDERFUL THING MADE IN GERMANY

POOR SCHOLAR'S SACRIFICE

NOBLE STORY OF A GREAT BOOK

The Love of a German for Knowledge and Truth HELPING AN ENEMY

There was a poor German prisoner of war in this country who had done nothing to bring civilisation to ruin, and who had no other thought in his mind than to get back to his books, for he was a devout scholar.

The other day an ex-English officer who had fought in the war and won the Distinguished Service Order was asked to contribute to the great new edition of Liddell and Scott's famous Greek Lexicon. He said that he could only do so if he went to Germany to consult the greatest authority on the subject.

The Two Friends

To Germany he went, and there he found the poor prisoner of war busy with his Greek books. The Englishman told the German why he had come, and the German at once put all his knowledge and his manuscripts at the Englishman's disposal. The two men who had fought in opposing armies sat down in friendship and with enthusiasm over questions of Greek literature.

Making a lexicon is of course a difficult and thorny business even for the best scholars. It costs a huge sum of money, too, though the great lexicon Liddell and Scott made has sold in tens of thousands and passed through eight editions already. The new one is an even bigger book, for the scholars in charge of it have found in ancient Greek works on botany, medicine, and so on, many new words which no one has thought worth while to put in a lexicon before. The Englishman and the German put their heads together over the hard words that Epicurus uses in writing about his philosophy.

A Beautiful Spirit

The sad thing about it was that Wilhelm Cronert, the German, was the editor of a rival Greek lexicon, a very fine work indeed. He had published three parts of it (up to the middle of A) when war came; and now he has no money to bring out the rest. The brains of many clever men, and the work of the great scholars of the past, go to the building up of a modern lexicon, but without Cronert's help the fine new Liddell and Scott would have been incomplete.

Now imagine how fine and beautiful a spirit animated that German's enthusiasm for the Englishman's work. He is so poor, so ruined, that he cannot now afford to publish his own work—the work of a lifetime.

Such is the love of a scholar for truth and knowledge. Does it not strike us once more with a sense of the horror and cruelty of war?

The Schoolboy Feeds His Bear



Boys at the big public schools are being encouraged to keep animal pets, and at Stowe House, Buckingham, the son of Sir Auckland Geddes has a pet honey bear, which is a great favourite with the boys. Here Alexander Geddes is seen feeding his bear

SOUTH AFRICA'S AIR MAIL

Speeding Up the Empire Post

The C.N. is delighted to have from a reader at East London, South Africa, one of the first letters to be carried part of the way by the new South African Air Mail. His letter makes us realise how useful the aeroplane is where big distances have to be covered, and what it may mean in the future.

"The day on which this leaves (he says) saw the first mails carried by the aeroplanes, and naturally our excitement was great. The railways out here are slow compared with yours, and to have our home mail two days before time is history indeed. We can hardly believe it possible for a letter to come from London to East London in 17 days, or one to go from Cape Town to Durban in eight and a half hours!"

ARCTIC LISTENS TO LONDON

Shuffling Feet Heard 2000 Miles

The leader of the Oxford University expedition to Spitsbergen last summer, Mr. F. G. Binney, has been telling about their adventures.

Two of the most interesting things about it were the use of a seaplane for surveying, and a wireless outfit for amusement. The seaplane was taken to its base packed in cases, and was then put together and flown to the Farthest North yet reached by air.

While the expedition was off the coast of Northeast Land, they used a four-valve wireless set and found that they could easily pick up broadcasting from England. So clearly indeed was it picked up that they could almost hear the shuffle of the people dancing in London, 2000 miles away.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH A LION

Surpassing Bravery in a Village

THE POOR OLD LADY AND HER GOAT

By a Uganda Boy

A C.N. boy in Uganda sends us a story of bravery which he claims eclipses one we gave the other day from East Africa. This is how he tells it.

Today I read your account of the Kikuyu chief who strangled a leopard. As I put the C.N. down, at a place high up on the side of Ruwenzori, looking down two thousand feet on the Toro Plain, my eyes rested on a native village where, a few months ago, a still braver deed was done.

The gallant chief who grappled with the leopard was armed with a gun, and had several spearmen behind him. But the deed I am about to tell you of was done by a Toro woman, old and weak.

She was digging out the tough roots of the elephant grass, which grows fifteen feet high and is as thick as a cane, and her goat was tied up on the grass by the side of a cultivated plot.

A Lion Springs Out

Suddenly a lion sprang out of the tall reed-like grass and bounded towards the goat. The woman had only a native hoe in her hand, weighing, with the handle, not more than twenty ounces, but she did not hesitate a moment; she attacked the lion.

So vigorous was her onslaught that the lion let go the goat. But, alas, it then turned on the woman herself. Undaunted, she fought it with her hoe till it made off without either goat or woman. The ground, however, was bespattered with the blood of all three, and a few hours later the brave woman died of her wounds.

She was buried from the Belgian native hospital with as much solemnity as if her funeral had been that of Cardinal Mercier, and well her valour deserved it.

A GIANT'S VOICE AT ST. PANCRAS

Wireless loud speakers have suggested a new sort of device for the railway station, which is to be placed over the big clock at St. Pancras, in London.

It is a loud speaker, connected with a microphone in the station master's office. An official will announce to the microphone in his ordinary voice the arrival and departure of the trains, and the giant loud speaker will repeat the words in tones which can be clearly heard over the whole station.

Everybody will be delighted if this idea can be carried out. The arrival of trains is a constant perplexity at great stations. At Victoria especially nobody ever seems to know where a train is coming in.

NEWS OF THE WORLD BEFORE HISTORY

LIFE OF THE STONE AGE MEN

How they Drove the Wild Horses to the Precipice

THREE LAYERS OF ANCIENT LIFE

By the C.N. Archaeologist

At a place called Solutré, in France, there exists an old camping ground of some of the hunters of the latter part of Old Stone Age times of about 30,000 years ago.

This site, which has been known for many years to archaeologists, has lately been further investigated, and the discoveries have just been made public.

The excavations carried out have shown that there exist at Solutré three distinct deposits, each containing the remains of different races. The lowest is of Aurignacian age, as is demonstrated by the occurrence of typical flint implements of this period, which comprise, among others, pointed specimens of characteristic make—borers, scrapers, and numerous graving tools.

Prehistoric Horses

These Aurignacian people were great hunters of the wild horse, which was very abundant in those days, and the bones of great quantities of these animals have been found in the lowest occupation-level at Solutré. The ancient camping site is at the foot of a miniature precipice leading down from the plateau, and it has been supposed, with much reason, that these men rounded up the wild horses on the plateau, and then drove them over the precipice to their death. The carcasses were then cut up and used as food.

The recent diggings have brought to light not only the flint implements of this prehistoric race, but some skeletons of the people themselves. These were found buried either just beneath the level at which the quantities of horse bones occur, or actually in the deposit containing these remains. The bodies were laid out in a more or less extended position, not contracted with the knees up to the chin, as is the case with many ancient burials; and in some instances the body had been protected by slabs of stone placed round and over it.

Blades of Flint

Above this level at Solutré has been found another containing abundant remains of prehistoric hunters who were, without doubt, the most expert flint flakers of ancient Stone Age times. The implements of this period were first found at Solutré, and so are known by the name Solutrian. These specimens are remarkable, and usually take the form of long blades of extraordinary thinness, elaborately flaked on both surfaces, and of the form of a laurel leaf.

Above the level of this epoch the recent discoveries have revealed further evidence of prehistoric man in the shape of implements from the end of Palaeolithic times. It was at this period that most of the prehistoric carving in bone and ivory was carried out, and the walls of the caverns were painted with scenes of the hunting of animals, and sometimes with remarkable drawings of human beings.

BROKEN TEETH

The other day some careless people broke a famous tooth to fragments in America. Now somebody in Johannesburg has handled the famous Taungs skull so carelessly that half a tooth was broken off it.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Galileo	Gal-e-le-o
Lhasa	Lah-sah
Ptolemy	Tol-e-nie
Stanislaus	Stan-is-lahs

THE BEGGAR OF LHASA

Traveller's Surprising Achievement in Disguise

WOMAN REACHES THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, has been reached by a French lady, Mme. Alexandra David Neel.

Mme. Neel, who is 60 years of age and speaks Tibetan like a native, is the first white woman to enter Lhasa. Disguised as a Tibetan beggar pilgrim, she started from China and travelled across Tibet to the capital city, where she spent two months visiting the most important shrines and temples without being suspected.

Tibet is ruled by a Dalai Lama, or Chief Priest, who lives in a great monastery or palace called Potala. Some of these monasteries contain as many as ten thousand monks. The city was reached by European travellers in Asia during the Middle Ages, but in modern times Europeans were not allowed to enter Tibet, and Lhasa became known as the Forbidden City.

Interview with the Dalai Lama

In 1811 the first Englishman penetrated into the city. He was Thomas Manning. He spent four months there and was allowed an interview with the Dalai Lama. The story of Sir Francis Younghusband's mission in Tibet in 1902-4 will be familiar to many readers.

General George Pereira entered the city in 1922 during his long journey from Peking across North-Eastern Tibet to India, and before that, in 1921, Sir Charles Bell spent nearly a year there as the guest of the Dalai Lama and the Tibetan Government. During this visit, through his friendship with the Dalai Lama, he was able to obtain permission for the Everest Expeditions to pass through Tibet on their way to the highest mountain in the world.

A FILM GOES BY TELEPHONE

How a Remarkable Thing was Done

A moving picture has been sent five thousand miles by telephone in a little over five minutes, and shown on the screen at the end of its long journey.

It is a great development, and this is how it was done.

The film of the photograph was wrapped round a transparent cylinder, which was rotated in much the same way as a cylindrical phonograph record, only, instead of a needle being used, an intense beam of light played through the film. This beam reached a sensitised photo-electric cell, where the electric impulse was augmented by a vacuum tube, and then carried into a long-distance telephone wire.

At the other end of the wire an unexposed film was rotated at the same time in a darkened room. By means of a special light valve, the beam was created anew and allowed to play on the film, which in seven minutes became a reproduction of the original film.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DOLPHIN

Stolen from a Paris Square

The man who tried to sell the lions in Trafalgar Square to an American tourist has a rival in Paris.

He went to the Place de la Concorde, the noble square in Paris, where workmen were doing repairs for the city authorities, and told the foreman he had been sent to take the bronze dolphin from one of the fountains.

He had a hand-cart with him and the workmen obligingly helped him to hoist the dolphin on to it. He wheeled it away, and now the best endeavours of the police have failed to trace him!

THE FEAR OF THE NATIONS

Haunting the Homes of the People

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S WARNING TO STATESMEN

The C.N. begs all its readers to read these lines twice over. They were spoken in the House of Commons by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain.

Ever since peace was signed, no less than when war was still being waged, Europe has been ranged in two camps, divided as the combatants in the war.

Fear, haunting, restless, brooding fear haunts the councils of every nation and the homes of every Continental people; fear that warps the judgment and affects the policy, which leads to irritating acts, to fresh provocation, which renews day by day the offences of the war, the bitterness, the rancours, of the war.

If this continues, sooner or later Europe will march to a new Armageddon. Unless you can get away from this atmosphere of fear and suspicion, from this attitude of armed camps, then, if not in my time, in my children's or my grandchildren's time, Europe will be given up to a new struggle, and a generation which has to pay the penalty of that unnecessary war will judge harshly the statesmen of today who failed to take in time the measures by which it might be prevented.

THIRTY MEN ON A ROCK

Fishermen's Night of Terror off the Scilly Isles.

A terrible and unusual happening occurred to a French trawler the other day in wild weather off the Scillies.

A terrific snowstorm came on, so that the vessel lost her bearings among the maze of islands near the Bishop light-house. She lost her propeller, and then crashed on to a large rock. Flares proved useless to attract attention, so the crew of 31 men decided that their only chance was to leave the ship.

Taking with them a mast and flag, they clambered on to the rock, and there waited through the night in the blizzard. At dawn, cold and numbed, they managed to set up the flag, which was seen by the people of the nearest inhabited island, St. Agnes.

Some men of St. Agnes manned an eight-oared gig and set out to rescue the prisoners on the rock, and the St. Mary's lifeboat also arrived. The two boats between them managed to get the men to shore, and the rescued crew, little the worse for their night of terror, went in a body to St. Mary's Church to give thanks for their wonderful escape.

THE WAY OF A TURTLE

150 Eggs in Half an Hour

Turtles are notoriously shy, so shy that few people get a chance of observing their habits. But one visitor to Fiji saw a turtle lay its eggs, and this is what happened.

While bathing off Makelava island, she noticed a turtle making its way slowly up the beach. It began to dig with its front flippers, and then gradually brought the hind ones into skilful and vigorous action, the sand flying in all directions. Finally it settled down over a hole about eight inches square and 18 inches deep.

When the hole was examined half an hour later it was found to contain 151 eggs, rather like ping-pong balls.

A LEAP INTO A DUKEDOM

The London Apprentice and His Master's Daughter

TRUE STORY OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE

The name of the Duke of Leeds is Osborne, and the proud title would never have been added to the name if it had not been for a young clothworker apprentice who took the first step to the peerage by leaping into the Thames from London Bridge four centuries ago.

This is the gallant pretty story as it has just been told by Sir Alfred Bower, Lord Mayor of London, of his predecessor Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor in 1582. Young Osborne, the son of a gentleman of Kent in days when gentlemen did not despise an honest trade, had come up to London to be apprenticed to a clothworker. The clothworker was Alderman Sir William Hewitt, who, as befitted so important a City magnate, lived in one of the tall gabled houses on old London Bridge.

Jumping Sixty Feet

From its windows you could drop a stone into the Thames rushing swiftly below as the tide coursed through its narrow arches, and from one of those windows little Anne Hewitt, scampering too near the low window-sill, slipped and fell. The young apprentice heard the nurse's startled scream, saw two tiny arms outflung, and without a moment's pause plunged after the child into the current sixty feet below.

He saved her. They both lived, and it is not hard to imagine the tears of thankfulness of the parents, or the shy adoration of little Anne for her preserver. The romance thus begun, ended as romances should. Young Osborne waited for little Anne, and when she grew up they were married.

We hope they were happy ever after. At any rate, young Osborne had the right cloth-working stuff in him. He became rich in the industry, he was elected Lord Mayor, and from this merchant prince sprang the merchant Dukes of Leeds.

THE ESKIMO'S FIRST HOME

Rasmussen Finds the Cradle of a Race

Readers of the C.N. have had more than one account of the explorations of Dr. Knud Rasmussen along the shores of the Arctic Sea among the haunts of the Eskimos. The expedition covered 20,000 miles and occupied three years and a half in the journey.

Now the explorer has gone to America to receive a gold medal and to report to the Canadian Government on his discoveries in its territory. He claims that he found there the original home of the Eskimo race.

The tribesmen had never seen white men before, but they could not have been more hospitable. They are much more primitive than their cousins farther East and West. They live on reindeer and fish, and still use bows and arrows in the chase. They live in tents in summer and in snow huts in winter. They have no fires, though the temperature falls 50 to 60 degrees below zero, for they know of no way to light fires.

ONE MORE VICTIM OF THE WAR

Death from an Air Raid

A woman has just died at Folkestone from injuries received in an air raid during the war, when two of her children were killed at her side. The children died instantly, with nearly a hundred other people; the mother lingered on year after year, and has now passed away, the latest victim of the air raids.

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THE CONTINENT WAITING FOR PEOPLE

AUSTRALIA'S PROBLEM

Three Million Square Miles with
Under Six Million Lives

SOUTH AUSTRALIA AND THE BOYS

Australia covers nearly three million square miles and has a population of about five and a half millions—less than two people to a square mile.

Clearly, if her resources are to be properly developed she needs a big increase of population. Yet the excess of births over deaths is only 86,000, and the excess of arrivals from abroad over departures is only 38,000, a net yearly increase of population of 124,000.

There is a very strong feeling in Australia against the immigration of Asiatics, and the fear of efforts by Japan to find a foothold there for her superfluous millions is so great as to have a distinct effect upon world politics. Naturally, therefore, one assumes that the Australian Governments do their best to encourage the immigration of British settlers; and where better than to the great Dominions of the Empire overseas can the youth of the Mother Country turn their eyes?

Agriculture Hampered

Yet the new Government of South Australia has now abandoned a most promising scheme worked by the last Government for receiving and placing selected farming apprentices from England. Indeed, they appear to be openly hostile to all immigration. It is to be stopped "until every worker has been found employment."

Of course, South Australia, like every other country, has its share of unemployables (people who cannot or will not keep themselves) and fresh, strong, young people from the home country are not to enter till all these have got work. But newcomers in a country like Australia not only work themselves; they make work for others.

It is the under-population of the countryside that makes unemployment in the towns which should supply their needs. That is especially the case in Australia, where the town population has been unnaturally increased and agricultural development hampered.

Kingsley Fairbridge School

Strong pressure is being brought to bear to persuade the South Australia Government to reconsider its decision. The youths who have gone out hitherto have made excellent farmers and excellent citizens; and next year there will be 800,000 acres of new land accessible and ready for farming.

Happily, not all the States of the Australian Commonwealth act dog in the manger in this way. Another carefully chosen party of fatherless boys has lately arrived from London at the Kingsley Fairbridge Farm School at Pinjarra, Western Australia, where there are now 200 boys occupying an area as large as Richmond Park. The boys live twelve in a cottage, with a lady in each cottage to look after them, and a garden to cultivate and make beautiful with flowers.

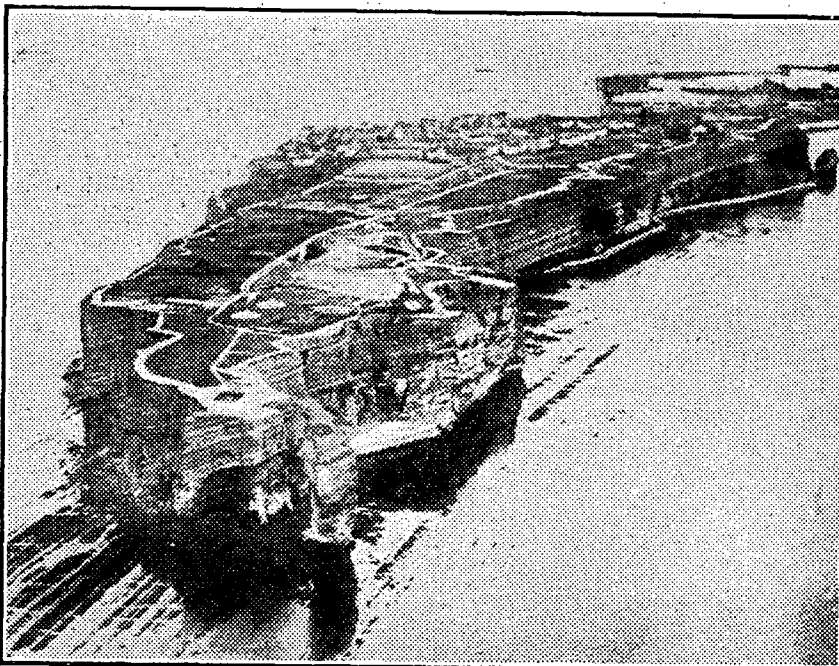
A special effort has been started to raise £10,000 for enlarging the school.

In the Auction Rooms

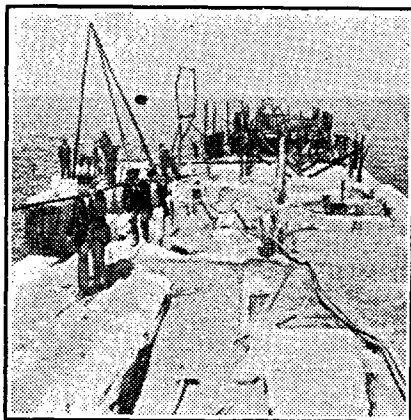
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Portrait by Romney	£1732
17th-century state bedstead	£1522
A James II oak table	£693
A French tapestry panel	£650
Aylett's Song of Songs, 1621	£620
13th-century French MS.	£610
A William and Mary mirror	£420
A violin by Amati, 1595.	£350
Nine Carolean chairs	£241
A Queen Anne cabinet	£199
Pair of Waterford glass dishes	£94
An old English harp	£89
Naples Tornese stamp, 1860	£50

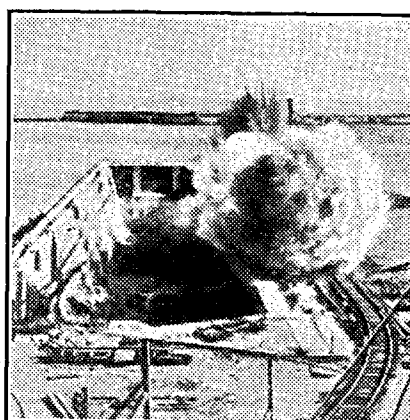
THE PASSING OF HELIGOLAND



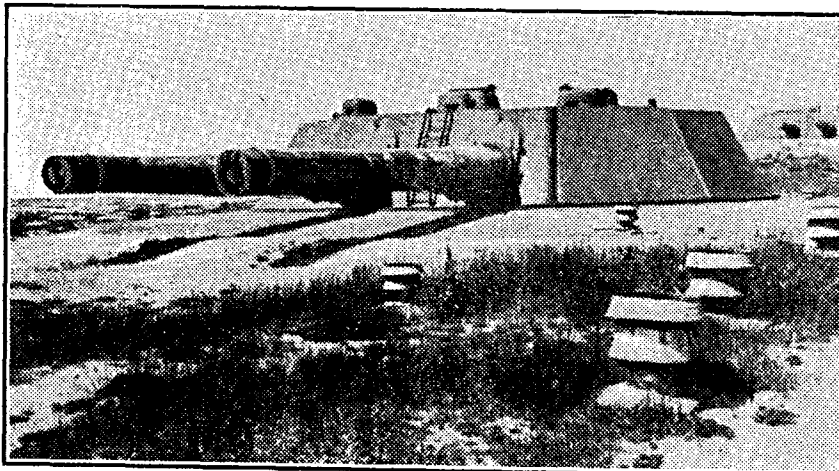
Heligoland as it appears from the air



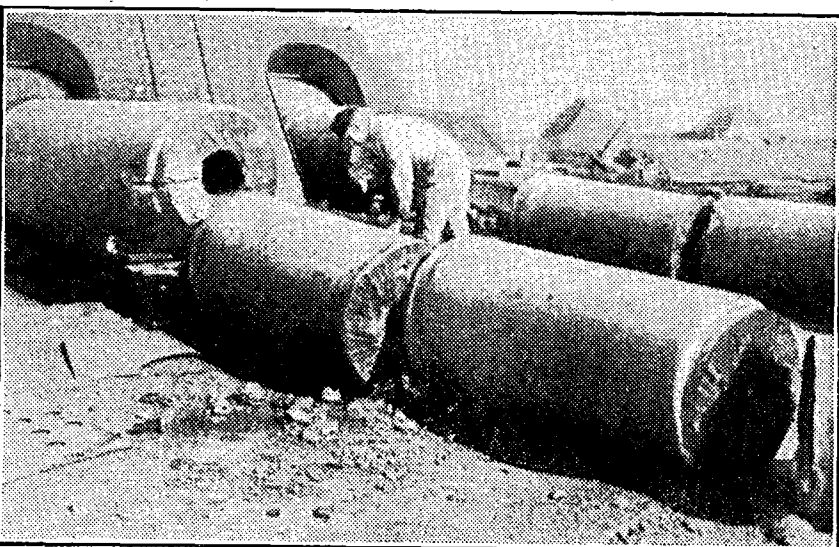
A dry dock being destroyed



Blowing up the west mole



Two twelve-inch guns in their turret before demolition



The twelve-inch guns after demolition

The great fortifications of Heligoland, which cost Germany £35,000,000 and took 24 years to complete, have now been utterly demolished, and the island is only a fishing station and pleasure resort. Over 300,000 pounds of explosives were used in the demolition, and the sea is slowly washing the island away.

SCOTT'S PHOTOGRAPHER

A PRINCE OF THE CAMERA

Mr. Herbert Ponting and His
Thrilling Adventures

A BRITISH MUSEUM COLLECTION OF PICTURES

The British Museum has accepted a collection of Mr. Herbert Ponting's Antarctic photographs, a thrilling series of pictures which we should like to see hanging in every school.

Many times we have given ourselves the pleasure of sending round the world splendid photographs taken by Mr. Ponting. Those who have enjoyed them will enjoy the story of Mr. Ponting's life.

This traveller in well-nigh all lands started life as a clerk in a Liverpool bank. Banking was his father's business. Herbert, however, did not spend many years at the desk, for his interest was fixed on open-air life, and he was not far advanced in the twenties before he was out in western America, first ranching and then gold mining.

In the Far East

At the same time he took up photography with great zeal and success, and at the World's Fair at St. Louis, in 1900, won the first prize for telephotography. This gave him command of a wide market in America for his finely-taken scenes, and next year he was commissioned to travel in the Far East, to picture with camera and pen what he saw there. Japan, China, Korea, Burma, Ceylon, Malacca, Java, and the Philippine Islands were some of the lands he, sooner or later, visited and snapped. When the Russo-Japanese war broke out in Manchuria the experience he had already gained in the East led to his being attached to the Japanese Army as a photographic correspondent, and he holds the war medal of Japan for that surprising conflict.

Mr. Ponting later had an extended European tour, during which he illustrated Swiss mountaineering adventures of the most dizzy character. He was about to go round the world for a two years' tour of the British Dominions, by arrangement with the late Lord Northcliffe, when he was offered by Captain Scott the chance of being the photographer for the most memorable of all journeys to the South Pole. It is by the striking photographs taken in the Frozen South that he has since been most popularly known. His brilliant pictures have been finely seconded by his lectures and by his book, *The Great White South*, one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written.

Repeatedly in Peril

Mr. Ponting rounded off his experiences of Polar scenes by joining an expedition to Spitsbergen, and securing a comparison of Arctic with Antarctic effects. During his travels in search of adventure in every variety of climate, in peace and war, Mr. Ponting has repeatedly been in positions of extreme peril, but has always been sufficiently composed to use his experiences for photographic purposes. No one has ever had a clearer eye for what would make an effective picture; and of the scientific side of photography he has been one of the closest students.

It is not too much to say that his work has already become historic, and therefore there is complete suitability in the acceptance of his studies by the British Museum on behalf of the nation.

THE POLAR SCOUT

Patrol-Leader James Marr, the Aberdeen Boy Scout who went with Shackleton on his last expedition, is to be assistant biologist to an expedition to the North Pole this summer.

SINGAPORE

WHY AND WHY NOT?

Both Sides of a Scheme for
Spending Millions

DOCKS AND BATTLESHIPS

Look at the position of Singapore on the map of the world, at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, jutting out from the Asian mainland, and commanding the long, narrow Strait of Malacca, which joins the Indian Ocean to the South China Sea. One need not be an Admiral of the Fleet to see its tremendous importance from a naval point of view.

The British Government wants to make Singapore a great naval base, but the Opposition parties are fighting hard against it. Mr. Baldwin's last Government proposed it, but when the Labour Party came in they turned it down. Now it has been taken up again. The Government wants it to defend the British trade routes to the Far East and to Australia.

The Balance of Power

There are naval dockyards there already, but they are not large enough for the docking and repairing of big battleships. It is calculated that the new dock will cost eleven million pounds.

The plan is opposed for a number of reasons. It is pointed out that we are in close friendship with the only other great naval Powers in the East, Japan and America, and that we have agreed with them not to strengthen our naval position in the Pacific in return for similar promises on their side. Singapore is not in the Pacific, but it is undeniable that the new base would increase our Pacific strength.

The Government replies that America and Japan knew we meant to establish a base at Singapore at the time the Pacific agreement was made, and that it is so far from either Japan or America that it could not possibly be regarded as hostile to them.

Two Sides of the Question

The critics say that all naval preparations must add to the international fear of war and stimulate competition in arms. They say, too, that the scheme is unwise even from a defensive point of view. The new base will have to be defended by fresh troops and air squadrons, and in time of war would be an "objective" for enemy naval and air forces, and the difficulty of defending it would put us in a worse position than if we had no naval base there at all.

It is said we ought to show that our minds are occupied with thoughts of the strengthening of peace pacts and not with preparations for war, undoing the good work of Geneva and Washington.

To all this the Government replies that our friendship for our neighbours is perfectly well known and that no one regards the defence of our sea trade as a warlike act.

And so the dispute goes on. The Australian Government is in favour of the scheme as keeping communications open in case of war. See *World Map*

EARTH FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS

For the Unknown Warrior's Tomb in Rome

Britain's Unknown Warrior, whose grave is in Westminster Abbey, rests on earth brought from the battlefields of France; now an urn of earth from the Italian battlefields has been placed on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Rome.

In the presence of the King the urn was confided the other day to the care of war veterans holding Italy's highest war decoration, the Gold Medal.

THE NEW TELEPHONE AGE

EVERYONE HIS OWN OPERATOR

Automatic System for the Whole of England A TWENTY YEARS SCHEME

Every month in the year ten thousand more people have the telephone installed.

Soon they will begin to see the present telephone instrument abandoned, and by degrees they will see substituted for it the new automatic telephone which has been adopted by the Post Office.

It is an improvement on the Strowger system which was described in the C.N. a year or two ago. Thirty-two exchanges are now in course of preparation, representing 160,000 lines for the big London area, while 129 automatic exchanges of smaller dimensions are being prepared for the provinces, so that there will be 400,000 automatic telephones in England.

Human Supervision

Work has been already begun on the Holborn exchange, but it will take from fifteen to twenty years before the whole of the scheme will be completed.

It takes six months to plan out the details of an automatic exchange, twelve months to manufacture the equipment, and another year to instal it and tune up the thousands of circuits. A special Post Office school of engineering has been started to train men to look after these automatic telephones, which are thus dependent on human supervision after all!

In an automatic exchange for ten thousand subscribers, such as is being installed at Holborn, there will be five million electric contacts. To simplify matters for the individual the telephone engineer must use a highly complicated system, and to avoid delays and breakdowns an enormous number of ingenious parts have to be put together for operation.

Three Letters and Four Numbers

By merely selecting three letters in turn, and then four numbers, one subscriber will be able to place himself in communication with any one of the other 9999 within a second or two. But the automatic exchange will be able to send a special signal if the wanted subscriber is engaged; it will, in fact, be able to do all that the telephone girl does now (and more).

For nearly four years the Post Office engineers have been busily at work trying out various systems and making preparations for the task of fitting automatic telephones all over England.

The remarkable way in which these telephones will manage themselves was explained in pictures the other day in the Children's Pictorial, the C.N.'s weekly companion.

A FATHER AND HIS BOY

Story of a Famous Statesman

Many years ago a gentleman requiring certain premises in a provincial city approached the agent, but being unable to come to terms, asked for an interview with the landlord, a peer of the realm.

"Well," said the agent, "I will arrange an interview, but you will not be able to get better terms. You see, his lordship has a son of whom he expects great things. The youth shows much promise, and his father thinks he is going to make a name and a reputation and in order that he may have no money cares he is conserving his resources and making the estate produce as much as possible."

In the end the peer held out for the high terms. He was Lord Scarsdale, and the young son who showed such promise was Lord Curzon, who died the other day as a British Cabinet Minister, and had been Viceroy of India and Chancellor of Oxford University.

IS THE OIL IN MESOPOTAMIA?

AND WHO IS TO HAVE IT?

A Scheme which May Involve
1000 Million Pounds

NO SELFISH RIGHTS FOR BRITAIN

For 24 years the nations have been quarrelling over oil in Mesopotamia. Now the dispute has been provisionally settled, the search for oil will begin in real earnest, and we shall know whether there has been anything to quarrel about.

The Government of the King of Mesopotamia has signed an agreement with the Turkish Petroleum Company granting it a lease of possible oil-fields for 75 years. It is said that the total sum of money involved may be a thousand million pounds!

But what is the Turkish Petroleum Company? First of all, it is not Turkish. It is a combination of oil companies which have been fighting each other in all parts of the world for the world's petroleum supply. It was formed in 1911 and was then a combination of German, Turkish, and British interests. When the war came German interests had only a quarter share, Turkish none, and British most of the rest. And the company had a promise from Turkey that it should work the oil-fields.

The Spoils of War

After the war France took over Germany's share as part of the spoils, and Mesopotamia was allotted to Britain to administer for the League. Then America stepped in. Mesopotamia did not belong to Britain, she said, and she must not have control of the oil. So America was given a quarter share, like France, and as the companies in which Britain is interested had people of other countries in it as well, this meant that Britain no longer had control. But it was agreed that the Chairman of the Company should always be British.

The great fact that comes out of all this is that it proves to the world once for all that Britain was not selfishly exploiting Mesopotamia for her own interests, as many of our enemies have said. We are due to leave Mesopotamia to her own devices very soon now, and then we shall have no greater rights there than the other shareholders in this Company. Everybody assumes that there are immense stores of oil below these territories and we may hope it is so. If it proves worth while a pipe-line is to be laid all the way from the wells to the Mediterranean.

THE MAGIC ENGLISH CARPET

Colours to Stand for Centuries

Most of us look upon Turkey carpets and carpets made in the East as things which surpass all European products.

But there is a magic in our English carpets which the Eastern manufacturers cannot imitate, as was revealed the other day by some British dye experts.

Certain of the rich men of Turkey, when they require specially beautiful carpets, the rich colours of which are to stand the test of centuries without fading, have actually sent over the designs to England and have had their "Turkey" carpets made in Lancashire and the materials dyed in Bradford.

We are apt to wring our hands at German progress in the dye industry, but some of our dyes have never been surpassed, and so it comes about that many of the most beautiful carpets of the East have been woven in England, and coloured with British dyes!

English people, sometimes buy them back again years afterwards, little knowing that their real Turkey carpets are every bit as English as they are.

THINGS SAID

THE BEST CONSTITUTION IN THE WORLD

Is it Worth While to Make
Life Worth Living?

CIVILISATION'S WASTE OF TIME

I am one of those who believe the British Constitution is the best in the world.

Mr. J. H. Thomas

It is not for an intelligent community to accept its politics from the cow.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher

The future of reading is threatened on two sides, by photography and by wireless.

Sir Frederick Kenyon

In the physical sense you are not really tired after your hard day in the City. Given the stimulus of interest and you could work as long again.

Captain Gee, V.C., M.P.

You come back all the time to the individual; it is the transformation of the individual life that matters.

The Prime Minister

Germany wants peace. We are not armed, and we see around us a world of armed nations.

Dr. Marx

There is an infinite destiny before us. Here we are in existence, and we are not going out of existence. It is just as well to make your lives worth living when you have got to live on through all eternity.

Sir Oliver Lodge

The complete fulfilment of the Christian Code would solve all the difficulties of the world.

Morning Post

In every life there is, as a rule, only one thing that is important; and of the others it does not matter much which is ruthlessly sentenced to the rubbish heap.

Mr. Arnold Bennett

One of the worst features of modern civilisation is its wanton wastage of time.

Captain Gee, M.P.

The British Empire can do what no other nation on the Earth can do, and from East and West alike there comes to me the cry:

After all, it is in the hands of the British Empire; if they will that there shall be no war, there shall be no war.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain

If your Luck is not what it should be, put a P before it.

Notice at Holloway Baptist church

If you have another war, God help the children of men. It will consume European civilisation.

Mr. Lloyd George

Shall we crawl about on the surface of the planet and sting each other in the dust and die? Or shall we realise that we are the heirs of all the ages, that the destiny of man is being partly entrusted to us, and that humanity has a future beyond our dreams?

Sir Oliver Lodge

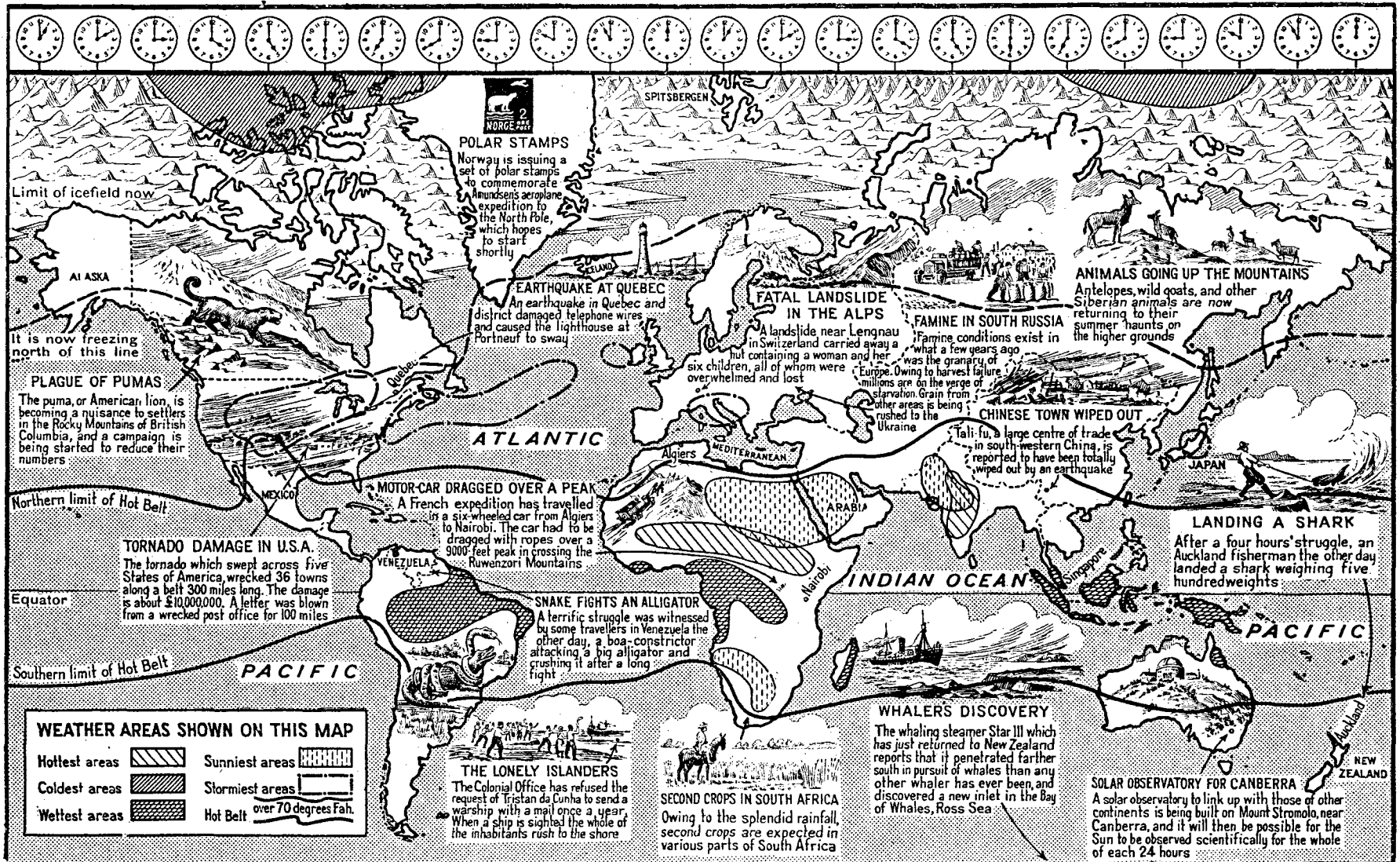
It seems probable the motorship will supersede the steamship as the steamship superseded the sailing ship.

Directors of Harland & Wolff

Hitherto we have opened our remarks with Mr. Speaker. I foresee the time when we shall have to begin Mr. Loud Speaker.

The Prime Minister

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



MR. MONTGOMERY

Why America's Film Men Do Not Like Him

A REAL FILM CENSOR IN THE FREE STATE

People who should know better are trying to make fun of a man who is doing a great service to the Irish Free State.

His name is Montgomery, and he is the Film Censor. Unlike our own film censor, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Montgomery is a Government official, and has powers far wider than the mere advisory and cautionary duties of his famous countryman. He is now using those powers to good purpose.

Ireland, like the rest of Europe, is the dumping-ground of cheap and nasty films, mostly from America, films based on vulgar sensationalism, appealing to the worst instincts, and in many cases quite unfit to be seen. As fast as these films go into Ireland, Mr. Montgomery sends them out again. "No Rubbish for Southern Ireland!" is his motto.

It is calculated that no less than 40 per cent of the films submitted for exhibition in the Free State in the past year, have been rejected by Mr. Montgomery. Naturally, this has not endeared him to those who are interested in making money out of vulgar films, but Mr. Montgomery does not care. "Send your rubbish elsewhere!" he says—and they do. Unfortunately, much of it comes to England.

A BEETLE TO THE RESCUE

What a C.N. Boy Saw

A twelve-year-old reader in Bute writes to say that, as he was digging in the garden, he accidentally covered up a beetle with soil, when, to his great surprise, another beetle came to the rescue, started scraping away the mould, and soon released the first beetle.

TAKE IT TO THE COURT

Decisions by Which All Abide

By Our League of Nations Correspondent.

Greece appealed to the Council of the League of Nations for a decision in the matter of the expulsion from Constantinople of the Patriarchate, which has had its headquarters there almost since the beginning of Christianity itself.

Turkey, a few days later, wrote to the Council asking it not to accede to the Greek Government's request, as the matter was not an international one, and if it is not international the Council can have nothing to do with it.

What was to be done? Take it to the Court. And so to the Court of International Justice at the Hague the question has been sent. The Court will decide whether it is international or not.

Only very short while ago the Court gave a decision on the exact meaning of certain terms in a Turkish treaty, and the Turkish delegate stated that his Government attached a very high value to all opinions of the Court. It will soon have opportunity of putting this declaration into practice.

THROUGH A MOUNTAIN

The Way Electric Power Will Go

For five years engineers have been slowly drilling a way 10,000 feet below the summit of Keiser Mountain in California, and it must have been a thrilling moment when the tunnel was finished the other day.

About four million pounds have been spent on the tunnel, which is 15 feet wide and over thirteen miles long. It is to unite the waters of the Florence and Huntington Lakes in the San Joaquin valley, and will be the longest tunnel in the world to be used for the development of electricity.

SWITZERLAND DOES A FINE THING

How the President Killed Gambling

CLOSING THE CASINOS

By the single casting vote of the President the Swiss National Council has decided to abolish the gaming-houses of the country.

This important step will mean the closing, probably by the 16th of April, of gambling casinos at Berne, Geneva, Zurich, Lugano, and Interlaken. The proposal was due to the initiative of a private member of the Swiss Parliament, and there was considerable opposition. But the clever lawyer who rules over the Swiss people took a bold stand on the side of public morality and respectability and he deserves the thanks of his fellow countrymen, as well as of travellers in Switzerland.

Unlike other Governments which permit the existence of gaming-houses, the Swiss Government did not take a share in the profits of this disreputable trade, but indirectly, by means of the income-tax, it benefited considerably, and no doubt there will be an outcry against the loss of revenue. There are always plenty of willing agents to raise difficulties when good work is being done.

But the fact is that the Swiss have had enough of the casinos, and that is all that need be said about the matter.

NEVER SAY DIE

A Girl Guide's Pluck

There is somewhere in Great Britain a Post Guide Patrol Leader who is setting a splendid example to other Girl Guides by her pluck.

Though she has always to lie flat on her back, she puts her paint box on her chest, holds her block above her head with her left hand, and paints pictures.

POLAND'S LAST KING

The Republic to Bring Him Home

STANISLAUS TO SLEEP AMONG HIS PEOPLE

The Republic of Poland has been able to rescue the remains of the last Polish king, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, from the hands of the Bolsheviks.

Stanislaus was elected king in 1764, and resigned the crown in 1795, after years of turmoil and misery. Three years later, in 1798, he died at what was then St. Petersburg, and was buried in the cathedral of St. Catherine there.

Many kings and queens, princes and princesses, have been buried in the catacombs of this church. The Bolsheviks, knowing this, and anxious to show their contempt for everything that has to do with royalty, have given orders for all the bodies to be exhumed from the catacombs, and buried in a common grave. But Poland, although a republic, has no wish to see this dishonour fall upon the unfortunate Stanislaus, for he was not a bad king. Compared with many of his predecessors, he did well for a time. It was the mutual hatreds of his nobles, and their unwillingness to put their country's interests before their own, that were too much for him.

At any rate, after so many years, he deserves to rest in peace, and now he is to lie, not in a foreign grave, but in the soil he loved and longed for in the hour of death.

It is odd that the body of the last king of Poland should be brought home, after a century and a quarter, by the first Republic of Poland.

MICROPHONES FOR PEERS

A committee is considering whether it would be possible to have microphones on the table of the House of Lords, connected with telephone earpieces on certain of the benches, which deaf peers could use during the sittings.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

APRIL 11

1925

King Arthur's Engines

THE Southern Railway is giving us a glorious lead in the great business of naming things beautifully. They have gone back to King Arthur for names of their new engines.

Imagine how delightful it will be to stroll along the platform and find a purring, gliding giant of steam there called Sir Lancelot, or The Red Knight, or The Maid of Astolat. The monster is going to carry us out into the ever-romantic west country, where lie the lost lands of Lyonesse, or even to Sussex where Elaine lived.

*Elaine the Fair, Elaine the Lovable,
Elaine the Lily Maid of Astolat.*

Sixty of these delightful names have been chosen for Southern Railway engines.

Nothing finer has happened on the railways for a long time. It means that beautiful words will be seen and read by people who say they have no time for poetry; that the men and women of tomorrow will unconsciously get used to lovely sounds of words.

The English tongue is rich in musical names, words that have grown with the centuries. To invent such is impossible. We see that constantly in houses and streets with the most absurd names on the gates. Our Saxon forefathers allowed names to grow.

Up on the Northumbrian Fells there are three little homesteads whose names are three separate jewels. You can spy them on a clear day from Hadrian's Wall, and then you see that their names are perfect—Hope-alone, Far-glow, Seldom-seen.

We are more fortunate in our old names and titles than we know. Just suppose that Merry-go-Rounds were called Mechanical Circularisations; Punch and Judy the Ventriloquists; Leap-Frog a Gymnastic Exercise!

Then we have the names of our war vessels, which sound like lines of poetry when they are said in full as they should be. Read them aloud and hear how they ring:

*His Majesty's Ship Thunderer.
His Majesty's Ship Furious.
His Majesty's Ship Undaunted.
His Majesty's Ship Courageous.*

With these grand names to inspire us it is appalling to turn to our aeroplanes and submarines and find them nothing but numbers or letters.

Imagine anything so superb as an airship, a gigantic bird, queen of the skies, being called R34! Imagine a submarine, the ocean god who takes life where no life was, being called G7! Would it be possible to think of Columbus sailing to America to find India in V3? Or Magellan's brave armada, large with hope, specking the vast Pacific under the names of A1, 2, 4, 5. Can we conceive the Pilgrim Fathers seeking their haven for the faithful in S9? It



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

*above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world*



Three Ways of Looking At It

ONCE upon a time a cathedral was being built to the honour and glory of God. A philosopher was passing by, and he looked up at the scaffolding and the sky, and down at the earth and the men working on it.

There were three stone-cutters labouring together, and the philosopher went up to them.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm just cutting stone," said one, rather dully, wishing he could walk about and ask questions.

The philosopher spoke to the second man. "What are you doing?" said he.

The mason looked at him sharply. "I'm earning three florins a day," he replied, and he wondered how much this queer, shabby-looking old man who spoke to him was earning.

The philosopher passed on to the third man. "And what may you be doing?" he asked.

The man glanced up from his stone. "I'm building a cathedral," he said with a gentle smile, and went straight on with his work.

Not to Grovel Through

A GREAT man's favourite quotation is an interesting thing, for it shows us his inmost faith, and we can see how true or false it is by the fruits it bore in his actions.

Lord Morley was a Liberal statesman who won the nickname of Honest John. But he was also a distinguished writer. Generations of young men will be thrilled by his Life of Cromwell, and older minds will long enjoy his studies of Mill and Voltaire.

What was his inspiration? He loved to say that he, too, shared "the belief that life was a noble calling; not a mean and petty thing we are to grovel through as we can, but an elevated and a lofty destiny."

Evidently it is a creed which works.

Continued from the previous column

is not as if our English language were poverty-stricken or newly-invented. There are some 30,000 names of ships in existence and thousands more to be found. The submarines could take their names from ocean life and its associations, names like *Voyager, Octopus, Sea-lion, Shark, Flying Fish*. And the airships have so lovely a register to look to for their names that we wish the Air Ministry would ask us to write out a list for them. It would contain names like *Westwind, Rainbow, Night of June, Southern Cross, Twilight, Daybreak*.

They are asking us to be interested in our Air Fleet. We cannot be interested in a thing that sounds like a chemical formula. *April Shower* flying through the clouds appeals to us; *R37* is nothing. Air Ministry, please copy the Southern Railway.

Why?

HERE is a little piece of comment which seems worth translating from the French.

A kindly observer noticed a motor-car stop by the roadside on a cold day. At once the driver jumped out and spread a rug over the bonnet. Close by a horse-van had drawn up heavily loaded, and the horse, perspiring in a cloud of steam, seemed to the observer to be looking enviously at the warm rug thrown over the engine.

The man-made machine refuses to work if it is chilled, but the animal must work on in heat or cold until he drops. Why, asks the observer, should machines be treated with more consideration than dumb animals employed in the service of mankind?

Why, indeed? All drivers of horses please note.

Tip-Cat

A CRITIC boasts that no one can touch our modern English poets. Yet they are naturally touchy.

NOBODY knows how fish get through locks. There are no quays for them.

WHEN you demand the best for yourself it is your duty to give the best in return. So it is better to ask for some thing you can keep.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

Does lukewarm
water look warm?

THE wonderful Nurmi has won another race. What would happen if the Finn took to swimming?

THE ant, we are told, is in some ways as intelligent as man. One makes its heap and the other his pile.

RIDING schools, it seems, are not what they were. So many people have lost their riding habits.

THERE is nothing so dead as a dead catch-phrase. Luckily what it dies of is not catching.

The Hymn of Hate is Silent

LIKE sensible people, the Germans are forgetting their Hymn of Hate. Foreign things are no longer accursed; indeed the tailor's windows are now full of thick serges marked *homespun* and fawn suitings labelled *covercoat*. The English is not very English, and it rather reminds us of that Gilbertian confusion of words—"You wear a coat?" "No, I never was a coat;" but it is a good sign.

After English materials in Germany come French actors. For the first time since the war an entirely French troupe has been visiting Berlin, directed by Georg Pitoeff. In exchange Herr Tagger is taking some serious German plays to Paris.

It is good to think of the Arts bringing Peace; we do not mind who brings it so long as it comes.

The Town Sparrow

By a Town Worker

EVERY night as the town goes home the sparrows congregate in the trees of the town churchyard. From all parts come the little feathered citizens; and you may see them clustered in the twigs as thickly as nuts on a hazel bush.

It matters not what the weather may be, the sparrows will gather in the trees at tea-time. There are not so many now as in the days when the horse was king and the sparrows never lacked a meal from the grain of his bag, but there is still a great flock of them, and they chirp and chatter their evensong.

They chirp and chatter till the chorus is like the cadence of a waterfall or a brook among many pebbles; though if you do listen attentively you can hear under-currents of sound which make the murmur of the town more hushed and distant.

They are cheery optimists, these sparrows, for they seem noisiest on wet evenings, when the path is patterned with sodden leaves and the crowd goes hurrying by with its umbrellas up. There surely is a message in their chirping for those who hurry on below. So many people could be chirpier if they tried, even when it rains!

The Trumpet Shall Sound

We are moved to send out far and wide these fine words spoken by the Prime Minister concerning Lord Curzon.

I want to say one or two things that no one but I can say. A Prime Minister sees human nature bared to the bone, and it was my chance to see Lord Curzon twice when he suffered great disappointment—when I was preferred to him as Prime Minister, and when I had to tell him that he could render greater service to the country as chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence than in the Foreign Office.

Each of those occasions was a bitter disappointment to him, but never for one moment did he show by word, look, or innuendo that he was dissatisfied. He bore no grudge, and he pursued no other course than doing his duty.

I felt that on both those occasions I had seen in him that, in that strange alloy which we call human nature, there runs a vein of the purest gold.

He died as he would have desired, in harness, a harness put on himself in youth and worn triumphantly through a long life, a harness which he never cast off until his feet had entered the river.

It may well be, when we look back on that life of devoted service to his country and of a perpetual triumph of the spirit over the flesh, that in some places in this Earth, early on that Friday morning, there may have been heard faint echoes of the trumpets that sounded for him on the other side.

April 11, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

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THE UNIVERSE IN A ROOM

GERMANY'S MARVELLOUS PLANETARIUM

The Most Wonderful Working Model in the World
SEEING THE SKY AS GALILEO SAW IT

The new Planetarium at Jena, referred to in the C.N. the other day, is the most marvellous working model in the world. It shows the movements of the Universe in the compass of a room.

The idea of a planetarium to show the passage of the stars and planets originated nearly twenty years ago with Dr. Oscar von Miller, Director of the New Science Museum at Munich, who wanted to use a dome on the museum roof for the purpose. His idea was that tiny lamps should be fixed in the dome to represent the stars, and that the whole dome should revolve to show their respective movements.

A Gigantic Task

The great optical firm of Zeiss was asked to prepare such a planetarium, but no sooner did the experts begin to work out the idea than it became clear that the moving dome with fixed lamps would not give an accurate representation of the heavens.

It was decided, therefore, to use the inside of a dome as a screen, and to project upon it points of light to represent the stars, and to show also the Sun and Moon and the five nearest planets with their movements.

This was an ambitious proposal, and the Jena firm had a gigantic task before them. In the first place, a much bigger dome than that at Munich was required, and so one was specially built, a network of steel in the form of a dome being erected, with concrete blown on it to fill up the interstices of the network. In this way a great dome was obtained with no supports inside to obstruct the projection of stars and planets.

The Completed Work

Never before was such involved and complicated mechanism required as was needed for the projector, but the experts and mechanics were equal to it, and the most marvellous apparatus in the world is now in full working order, attracting thousands of people to the German city to see a complete model of the visible Universe at work in a room.

All the stars from the first to the sixth magnitudes visible to the naked eye, 4500 in number, with the Milky Way, the Sun and Moon, and the five nearest planets are projected on to the inside of the dome, and when the apparatus is set going they all move accurately according to their relative movements in the sky.

The Real Wonder

But, just as the dome is a miniature of the heavens, so the movements are a miniature of the actual movements. We see the whole of the motions of stars, planets, Sun, and Moon for a complete day carried out in four-and-a-half minutes, two minutes, or fifty seconds, according to the speed desired. The movements for a year are also compressed. Nothing like this has ever been attempted before. The apparatus has a date indicator which tells the date on which the heavens had, or will have, the appearance represented, and it is thus possible to show the sky as it was at any time during the past 13,000 years, or during the next 13,000 years.

On turning a switch we can see the sky and the actual movements of the stars and other heavenly bodies exactly as Ptolemy or Copernicus or Galileo or Newton saw them on any night of their lives. Never was there such an amazing apparatus; it is one of the greatest wonders of the modern world. The projector, with its complicated

NAPOLEON'S ISLAND HAS A NEW MASTER

WE rarely hear nowadays of the little island that burst into fame for six short years as the scene of the exile and death of Napoleon. It has just been appearing in the papers, however, in connection with the arrival of its new Governor, Mr. C. H. Harper.

Colonel Peel, his very successful predecessor, died without completing his six years of office. Mr. Harper has had 23 years' service on the Gold Coast, so that he is accustomed to living in out-of-the-way places. But St. Helena is 1200 miles from the nearest mainland, and 800 miles from its still smaller dependant, Ascension Island. It contains only 47 square miles and hardly 4000 inhabitants.

But as these 4000 consist of Europeans of various countries, with Indians and

Africans and all degrees of colour between, they are not an easy people to govern. Just now there is a constitutional agitation for the introduction of the representative system in the form of an elected Advisory Council. At present the Governor has a Council of three of his own nomination, whose advice, if it is ever given, he is at liberty to ignore.

Since steamers took the place of sailing ships, especially since the opening of the Suez Canal, St. Helena's use as a revictualling and refitting station on the road to India and the Far East has disappeared, and the population has dwindled and is still dwindling. Its principal industry now is the growing and spinning of flax. Wages are two shillings a day.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY



How Spring came in in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire



Gathering primroses in the Valley of the Tamar in Devon

Spring came in this year with a song and a roar. In some parts of the country people gathered primroses while birds sang overhead, and in other parts snowstorms were raging and the whole landscape was whitened

and intricate mechanism, is the real wonder of the Planetarium. A series of pencil-like extensions turned in all directions give it an appearance which has been likened to a porcupine's back, and at the end of each pencil is a group of lenses which project on to the inner surface of the dome photographs of the stars, all in their relative positions, and all appearing as points of light, varying according to their magnitudes.

Eleven special projectors throw on to the dome an image of the Milky Way as it appears above our heads in the night sky. Another part of the projecting apparatus consists of a large glass cylinder with rotating discs inside, one each for the Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

Each disc revolves independently, corresponding to the movements of the body it represents, so that the passage of the planets across the sky is represented accurately. The whole of the projecting apparatus is illuminated by a 200 candle-power lamp in the centre.

But the greatest marvel of all is that we can, by the pull of a switch, see the movements of the stars and planets as any of the great astronomers of the past saw them on any particular night. No wonder that all the learned world is flocking to Jena.

Napoleon won the battle of Jena in 1805, but he did not obtain a tithe of the glory the people of Jena have won in 1925 by this marvellous triumph of science and mechanics.

PEACE ON ONE OF THE WORLD'S HIGHWAYS

WHAT THE CRISIS IN EGYPT MEANS

Why a Parliament Lived Only One Day in Cairo

BRITAIN'S RESPONSIBILITY

What can a king do if, when he summons a Parliament to advise him, it gives him advice he thinks wrong?

In countries where Parliament really rules the king has to accept the advice, whatever it is. If the King of Egypt had only his Parliament to deal with that is what he, too, would have to do. But he has the British Government to deal with as well, and the British Government agrees with the Egyptian king that the new Egyptian Parliament will give wrong advice.

So the Parliament was dissolved on the same day as it assembled after the elections, and a new Parliament is to be elected. What will happen if that Parliament gives the King the same advice we can only guess.

The Search for Security

It is certainly an uncomfortable position for this country, which believes in parliamentary government; but we have responsibilities in Egypt which we cannot get rid of at once. We want to find a Government which will work with us to put the affairs of Egypt in order, so that there will be security for life and property and reasonable cooperation in looking after the Sudan and the Suez Canal, for which we are responsible.

The murder of the Sirdar and the investigations which followed it showed that the Government of Zaghlul Pasha was not such a Government, and so the Parliament which chose Zaghlul as Prime Minister was dissolved, and the new one, which also had a majority for Zaghlul, was dissolved directly it met.

Waiting and Seeing

There are critics who say we gave Egypt independence before she was ready for it and that the only thing we can do now is to take it away; but that is more easily said than done. At any rate, we must wait and see what sort of a Parliament the next one is.

All the Egyptian parties want real independence as soon as possible, but while the Zaghlulists think they can get it by defying Britain, their opponents are of opinion that Egypt must first show that she is fit for it by working in harmony with Britain and recognising her position as the representative of the world's interest in good government on the banks of one of the world's highways.

THE OLD MAN ASLEEP IN THE PARK

Tragedy of a Prince's Life

Rather pathetic is the news from Budapest, the capital of the Hungarian Republic, that the city police have taken in charge an old man, ragged and destitute, whom they found asleep on a bench in a park. It is pathetic, because he is a prince of one of the royal houses of Germany.

His name is Prince Alexander Hohenlohe-Gehringen, as appeared from papers found upon him, and he belongs to one of the oldest families in Europe.

Thirty years ago he was colonel of a Bavarian regiment, but gave offence to the Kaiser by marrying a woman of lower rank than his own. Gradually he sank lower and lower in life, until the hotels of Budapest came to know him as an old ne'er-do-well who never paid his bills, and he wandered from place to place, and was glad to find a washerwoman to give him food and shelter.

Now he has lost even that comfort, and is to be expelled from the Hungarian capital as an undesirable stranger for whom Budapest has no longer any room, even on a bench in the park.

RIGHT TO VOTE

WHAT SHOULD IT
DEPEND ON?

America Beginning to Think
About a Big Question

KNOWLEDGE TEST FOR IMMIGRANTS

The right to vote has come to be looked upon as something that men and women claim just because they have reached the legal age. In England almost every man can vote at 21, almost every woman at 30. Soon, it may be, men and women will be placed on an equality.

But what then? Are we to act as though the only qualification for having a say in the choice of the country's rulers is that a person shall be 21 years old and able to make a X against a name on a ballot paper? America does not think so. In the United States, although every one of the 48 States makes its own laws, it is becoming necessary for the citizen who wishes to vote to show that he understands what is required of him.

The Alien in New York

In the State of New York, as in nearly all the others, a large part of the population consists of immigrants from all the countries of Europe. Many of these people do not go to America until they are grown up. How, therefore, can they be expected to understand what they are doing when they cast their votes for members of Congress, or for the President?

In order to be put on the register of voters, they must know how to read English; and they must pass an examination which, we may be sure, seems very severe to a peasant or workman who has lately arrived from Germany, Italy, or Poland.

4000 Words

The first part of the test consists of reading a paper of about 100 words. Then the candidate is asked to write answers to questions based on statements made in the paper. The examiners do not trouble about the handwriting. If the words are used so as to show that the writer understands their meaning, it is all right.

The passages for reading are very short, and the words are simple. They are connected with everyday things known to all American children of twelve or fourteen years. But they are chosen from a long list, drawn up by the education authorities, and this list contains 4000 words—common objects, numbers, animals, colours, food, parts of the body, words connected with railways, cars, and so on. Many different passages are used, and they are continually changed so as to make sure that no one shall pass by getting hold of the paper and learning it by heart.

Making New Americans

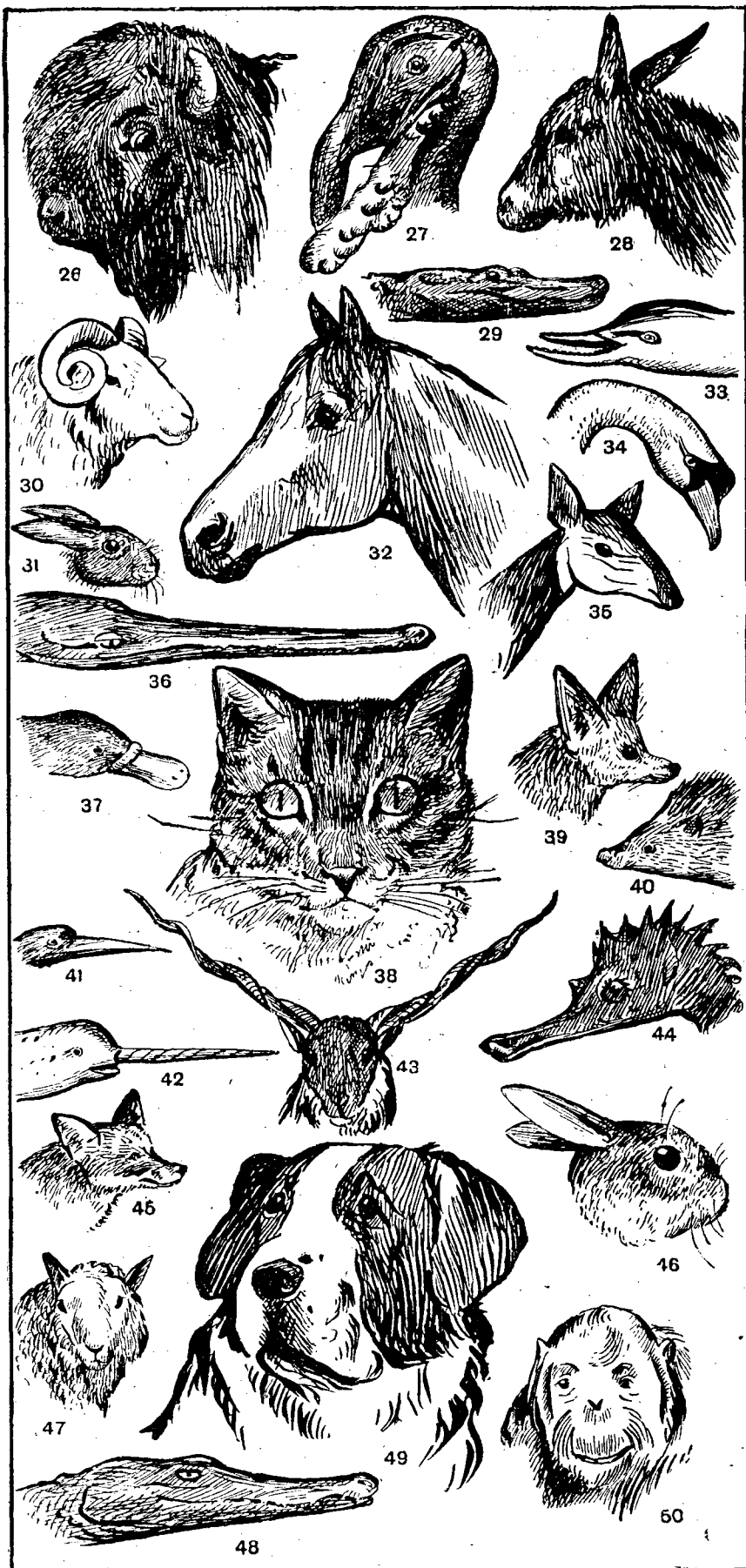
We may think it is hard upon the new citizens of America to expect them to know the greater part of 4000 English words before they are allowed to vote. Perhaps it is, but the actual test passages are as a rule very simple.

There are night classes and other means of teaching the immigrant in all the cities, and the schools of America are filled with the children of parents who have come from the Old World.

In our country the actual illiterates are few. But we may well think about the question of the British citizen and his ability to understand public matters before his name is put on the list of those who are permitted to exercise the right of voting.

100 HEADS: WHERE ARE THEIR BODIES?

£100 for the Answer



This is the second set of animal heads in our great Natural History test. The first set appeared in last week's C.N. and two more sets will appear in the next two numbers. Altogether there will be 100.

All the heads shown here belong to the bodies given in this week's Children's Pictorial, and last week's heads and bodies also correspond, so that you can begin working on the test right away, without waiting for the next two sets. You can get your friends to help you in this novel and instructive game. Keep your pictures and your lists and coupons till the fourth week, when we shall explain how lists should be sent in.

£100 is offered to the reader of either paper who can most correctly identify the bodies belonging to the heads. It is not necessary to name the creatures; all you have to do is to make a list of numbers in columns from 1 to 100 for the C.N. heads and then to put

in a second column against each number the number of the body in the C.P. which belongs to the same animal. Thus

C.N.	C.P.
26	46

and so on. The bison's body which is number 46 in the C.P. set obviously belongs to the bison's head which is number 26 in the C.N. In addition to the first prize of £100 for the most correct answer, there will be a second prize of £10, and fifty prizes of £1 each for the next fifty competitors in order of merit. The Editor's decision is final. Employees of the proprietors of the C.N. may not compete.

Children's Newspaper
Natural History Coupon No. 2

Keep this till the sets are completed

CALLED BACK

Deposed President's
Dramatic Return

CURIOSITY OF CHILE POLITICS

There occurred in Chile last September one of those sudden revolutions to which Latin America seems so prone, and for which it is so hard to find a reason.

In this particular case the actual people who made the change seem to be wondering now what they did it for. They have asked the deposed President, Señor Alessandri, to come back and carry out for them the very reforms which they threw him out to secure. And the President has agreed to do so!

The army in Chile is very powerful and fond of interfering in politics. The younger officers are progressive in their views on social questions, but the older ones are reactionary. The younger men were in a hurry for certain reforms, but when they had made their revolution the older men took office and began to do all sorts of things the young men did not approve of. And as they could not manage them themselves they called the ex-President back and made another revolution to make room for him!

He has made it a condition of his return that an Assembly shall be summoned to decide on constitutional reforms, and that as soon as that has been done a new Chamber, Senate, and President shall be elected, enabling him to retire this year. It is hoped that by this means a Government will be installed that can manage the Army and insure respect for the Constitution.

A GOOD THING IN AUSTRALIA

League of Little Citizens

From West Perth, in West Australia, the Editor has received a card of membership of the Youth School of Citizenship, the sender describing the card as a boomerang of his own throwing. In My Magazine the Editor had advocated the broadcasting of thoughts of love and goodness, and that is the permanent object of this League of Little Citizens.

Its aim is to educate children to build their idea of citizenship on thoughts for others, and "to broadcast Love, Joy, and Fellowship by means of service." Its membership is "open to children, and to grown-up friends of the world, without distinction of creed, class, caste, or colour."

Its spirit is expressed in this message: *Go forth into the busy world and love it. Interest yourself in its life. Mingle with its joys and sorrows. Try what you can do for men rather than what you can make them do for you, and then you will know what it is to have men yours better than if you were their king or master.*

Evidently this new little League is a most admirable one for anybody to belong to.

BLACK TROOPS

Unreal Reserves in Africa

For some time past warnings have been appearing in the French papers against undue reliance on colonial troops to make up for the shrinkage in numbers of the home army.

These warnings are significant, for they come from officers with long experience in training units in Africa for active service. Certain writers have made out the existence of large trained reserves available from the French empire in Africa, but officers with knowledge of the facts declare these hopes illusory. The comforting figure of two million troops to supplement the lessening numbers at home is regarded as absurd by the men on the spot.

Moreover, the adoption of conscription for native subjects, say the critics, is a fatal policy for a colonising nation, for it provides only a half-efficient type of soldier, and no reservists at all.

April 11, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

9.

BRIGHTENING UP THE TOWNS

The Birds Coming Back TRAGIC HABIT OF THE KINGFISHER

When the Londoner of today goes home after his day's work, he has a very good chance of hearing starlings calling to one another in the dusk, and making a noise like a hundred sewing machines in the plane trees.

In Manchester it is the same. According to Mr. T. A. Coward, who has been lecturing there, starlings are greatly and rapidly increasing there, though, oddly enough, they are quite rare in some parts of the country. One might suppose that the starling, like the sparrow, was thinking of becoming a town bird.

Strange it is how the birds in towns change. Two hundred and fifty years ago kites were familiar birds in London, where they scavenged on the refuse, and Paris had them till the nineteenth century. Mr. Coward says jackdaws are coming back to the towns. The black-headed gulls seem to increase their numbers on the Thames each year, and the wild ducks in the parks, very quarrelsome at this time of year, are certainly more numerous than 20 years ago. So are the moor-hens, and no amount of competition keeps the pigeons away from town or country.

Mr. Coward gave one curious reason why kingfishers do not increase as rapidly as they might otherwise do. The kingfisher, he said, never flies over a bridge, but always skims under it. It frequently happens that a kingfisher mistakes the outline of a window for the arch of a bridge, and, in making its instinctive effort to fly underneath, crashes into the glass and is killed.

ENGLISH SUGAR

Helping a New Home Industry ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES

Steady efforts have been made for some time to establish the growing of beet in England, so that we shall not have to import all our sugar from abroad.

A further step has been taken in the decision to make a money grant to help the manufacture of sugar from home-grown beet. Sugar manufacturers who undertake to pay a certain price for their beet are to be given a gradually reduced subsidy lasting ten years. This, it is hoped, will encourage both the growing of beet and the manufacturing of beet sugar.

There is one difficulty that will need attention. The raw sugar has to be refined to make it fit for the table. Large quantities of raw sugar are imported from abroad and refined in Britain without any subsidy, but the manufacturers of English beet sugar are to have a subsidy not only for manufacturing it but for refining it. The existing refiners say this will be unfair to them, and they think the subsidy should be for manufacturing only, or that, if it is given for refining, it should be given to all refiners, whether of home-grown or of imported sugar.

We are sure to hear a good deal more of this complaint in Parliament and elsewhere. It is difficult to give help to one industry without injuring another.

Italy's Finance

From a country's finance you can learn a great deal about a country, and it is only just to say that Italy's finance is more straightforward than that of any of the bigger countries on the Continent.

Mr. George Renwick

JOINING TWO GREAT RIVERS

Canals for Linking the Danube and the Rhine A 2000-MILE JOURNEY

A very great engineering project is quietly going on in spite of all the trouble in Europe, linking up two of Europe's greatest rivers.

How many people realise that the Rhine flowing into the North Sea, and the Danube flowing into the Black Sea, are connected through their tributaries by a canal over a hundred miles long? Unfortunately the canal is only seven feet deep, so that it is not much use for through traffic.

Three years ago there was begun the great enterprise of widening and deepening this canal, and the Rhine and Danube tributaries it feeds, so that they shall give passage to vessels up to 1500 tons.



The Waterway across Europe

It is hoped to complete it in another eight years at a total cost of 35 million pounds.

The whole journey from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Danube, 2000 miles, will lie through much of the most beautiful, impressive, and romantic scenery in Europe. The trip should be a popular one for tourists with plenty of time and not too much energy.

It is interesting to remember that these canals do not make the first connection between the waters of the two great rivers. There is a natural connection much more direct. The Danube itself flows quite near Lake Constance, through which flows the Rhine, and a considerable quantity of Danube waters escapes through fissures underground into the Ach, a Rhine tributary. So for a water atom starting from the source of the Danube, it is a question whether it reaches the Black Sea or the North Sea.

WHY BLUE BOOKS ARE TOO DEAR

Should Libraries Have Them Free?

Blue Books are dull things, but very necessary. They are Government publications which are issued from time to time on all sorts of subjects.

Sometimes they are fairly cheap, but as a rule they cost much more than most people can afford to pay for them. If they were produced as they should be they would not only sell more widely, but would cost much less and so would be much cheaper; but the fact is that our Blue Books are wastefully produced by those who do not understand the problem of book production.

There was a time when public libraries had the right to get certain Government publications free, but this was altered some time ago, when the rule was made that libraries could get all Government publications at half price.

The reduced prices are still too heavy, and now the Library Association, a very excellent body of men and women who devote a great deal of time to the national welfare, is urging the Government to establish twenty Depository Libraries where the public can consult all Government publications free.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The wealth of Canada is now estimated at £500 per head of the population.

As a result of continuous safety campaigns motor-car accidents in America are at last on the decrease.

Window sashes that swing inwards on hinges in the same way as a door are becoming quite popular.

Tarnish-Resisting Silver

A Sheffield firm has produced a new kind of silver which is almost proof against tarnishing.

New Zealand Boys on Tour

An educational world tour for 200 New Zealand secondary school boys between 16 and 18 is being promoted in Auckland.

£32,000,000 Lost Through Smoke

The smoke nuisance is now costing Great Britain £32,000,000 every year according to an expert.

Our Huge Ancestors

Skeletons of people of immense stature have been unearthed in a sand quarry at Cleadon, in Durham.

Wolves Leap at a Sleigh

Wolves in Northern Alberta have become so bold that they lately tried to jump into a travelling sleigh.

Relics of the War

On the old battle front in Flanders a large underground munitions dump containing thousands of shells has been found.

89 Years in One House

Mr. William Robinson has lived 89 years in the house at Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts, where his father lived before him.

The Mersey Tunnel

The Government has decided to grant £2,500,000 towards the cost of the proposed tunnel under the Mersey, estimated to cost £5,000,000.

Crab-Eating Rats

Rats on Samson Island, one of the Scillies, have been seen to attack crabs by biting off their claws, and then bury them to serve as a food supply.

The Dane and His Eggs

A Bill has been introduced in the Danish Parliament requiring that all eggs sold there shall carry a stamp showing the date on which they were laid.

From China to Kew

The number of hardy trees and shrubs in cultivation at Kew has increased since 1902 from 4500 to 6300, most of the new varieties coming from China.

The Dog and the Egg

A pullet on a farm in East Leake, in Leicestershire, walks over a retriever dog's back each morning into its kennel and lays an egg, which the dog eats.

How to Deal With Law-Breakers

A new punishment for hotels and restaurants breaking the Prohibition Law in America is the padlocking of the door for three months.

Canada's Poultry Runs

The large number of poultry now on Canadian farms can be realised when it is stated that there is an average of 64 birds on every farm in the Dominion.

South Kensington's Queer Creatures

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington has issued an admirable series of postcards of prehistoric animals to be seen in the museum.

Piccadilly's Millions

Since Piccadilly Circus tube station was built in 1906 the people using it in a year have grown to 18 millions. The new station will be able to deal with fifty millions a year.

Lift on an Aeroplane

An aeroplane with an elevator has appeared in France. The lift is used to carry the gunner between two batteries of machine-guns, one below and one above the fuselage.

A Desert Mystery

An Italian military aeroplane which was forced to land in the Libyan Desert has been found abandoned by its crew of four, who have disappeared without leaving a trace.

THE WONDERS OF SPICA

TERRIFIC HEAT OF A GIANT SUN

How Astronomers Find Invisible Worlds

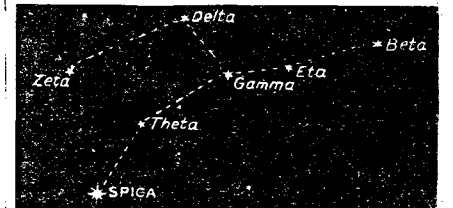
A SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE MAKING

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The constellation of the celestial Virgin, or Virgo, now covers a large portion of the south-east sky in the evening; while later on, about midnight, this group will be found stretching right and left of due south, rather less than midway between the horizon and overhead.

Its chief star Spica, a brilliant orb of the first magnitude, cannot be mistaken, for it is the brightest object in that part of the sky. Though a good way to the left and lower down, the more brilliant Saturn may be seen, as described in last week's C.N.; but this planet does not rise until about nine o'clock.

Spica is one of the wonder suns of the heavens because of its immensity, its



The chief stars of Virgo the Virgin

terrific distance, and the fact that a gigantic and mysterious dark world revolves round it.

Strange to say, no one on Earth has ever seen this tremendous world; but so massive is it that as it revolves it pulls its great central sun Spica after it, by gravitational force. The result is that Spica revolves in an orbit within that of the dark, invisible world, and the effect of this is observable, spectroscopically, from the Earth. The lines in the spectrum, or analysed light, reach us from Spica, alternately shifting from side to side of what would be their fixed place if Spica did not revolve.

So we perceive how wonderfully astronomers find out the existence of great worlds that are invisible. It was the astronomer Vogel who found all this out with his spectrograph. He also discovered that this great world and Spica revolve once in 4 days and 19 minutes, Spica whirling round at about 57 miles a second in an orbit some 6 million miles in diameter.

15,000 Degrees Centigrade

The Spica system is very similar to that of Algol; but the dark body does not come between us and Spica, as it does in the case of Algol. Moreover, the Spica system appears to be on a colossal scale, if, as so far calculated, it is about 21 million times as far away as our Sun, in which case Spica must radiate 3300 times as much light.

From this we get some idea of its immensity, for it belongs to the class of giant helium suns and is at the terrific incandescent heat of about 15,000 degrees Centigrade; so it is one of the hottest bodies known. That the great world revolving round Spica is at a great heat cannot be doubted. It may even be luminous, but at such an immense distance becomes imperceptible. It takes about 325 years for Spica's light to reach us; our Sun would be only just perceptible to the naked eye at a tenth of this distance.

Spica is approaching us at about 550 miles a minute, so in ages to come that great mysterious world may become visible, and more wonders of this "solar system in the making" be revealed.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Jupiter south-east. In the evening Mars in the west, Saturn south-east.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

CHAPTER 30 Neil Takes Charge

NEIL was inclined to laugh aloud. Believing that Dario and all his men, as well as Fountain and Tremayne, were still within the Palace, he could not refrain from thinking that this threat of Punhri's was no more than an idle boast. Even if the High Priest summoned to his aid all the rascals in the city, he could never hope to force the Palace walls, defended by the seasoned warriors of the Bodyguard.

It was but a short walk to the great Square of the Obelisk, whence Neil turned into the main street that led straight to the Palace. He found the gate locked, but was immediately admitted on his declaring who he was. Beyond the Palace gate the first person he encountered was Idina, who stood with a drawn sword in his hand.

The man's first eager question took Neil's breath away.

"Where is Dario?" he asked. "Where is the White Wizard and he who fears nothing, who has the eyes of a hawk?"

The boy knew not what to say in answer. He had never supposed for a moment that the Captain of the Bodyguard, at such a time of crisis, would be anywhere else but in the Palace.

"Are they not here?" he cried. "No," said Idina. "They left the Palace last evening, soon after dark. A messenger came from Punhri telling us that he held you in his power, and that he would not hesitate to put you to death if he were not restored to his former position as High Priest."

Neil had already guessed that Punhri had intended to keep him as a hostage—otherwise the boy long ago would have been put to death. Anxious to know what had happened to Dario and the others, Neil repeated the very question that Idina had put to him.

"But where is Dario now?" he asked.

"I know no more than you," the other answered. "It was decided at a council, which was attended by the Queen herself, that Dario should take possession of the sacred island. Thither they went, as I have said, soon after dark; and we know for certain that none of them has yet returned."

Neil was now fully alive to the peril of the situation. In an excited manner he grasped Idina by an arm. "You know," said he, "that Punhri means to attack the Palace?"

"Would that I did not," Idina answered, "for in Dario's absence I am in command, and I have scarcely men enough to man the walls. If that villain brings his battering-rams to bear against the walls, the few men I have will be hard pressed to hold their own."

Neil was silent for a moment. He stood in the great porchway of the Palace gate, a hand upon his chin, deep in thought.

"You will fight to the last man?" he asked.

"To the last man," said Idina. "If Punhri lays hands upon the Queen, he must first pass over the dead bodies of my soldiers."

"Listen," said Neil. "I will do what I can to save the day. Hold out to the last. Keep them at bay as long as you possibly can. Every minute—perhaps every second—may count. I will go back to the lake. I will find some means of crossing to the island. If Dario is there I will find him."

"If you go down to the lake," Idina answered, "you go to almost certain death. Punhri must have arrived in the city some hours before daybreak. He has taken possession of all the boats and shipping; his men have orders to kill anyone who endeavours to embark. There is some reason to

suppose that all the boats have been taken away from the island of Ra, so that Dario and those with him cannot return to the city."

Neil already realised that what he proposed was no simple matter. Fortunately he had passed along the eastern shore of the lake in the early hours of the morning; and there he had observed a fishing village, consisting of at least a hundred rude huts made of rushes and roofed with the leaves of palm trees.

"Give me money," said he at last. "With money I can purchase such help as I want. At any rate I will do my best to reach the island and bring Dario and his men to your help, with as little delay as possible."

Idina, asking no further questions, passed into the guard room, where he opened a safe in which the money was kept to pay the men of the Bodyguard. From this he took a bag filled with silver coins—silver being of greater worth in that country than gold.

Neil fastened the money bag to the girdle under his coat, and hastened to the Palace for his revolver and ammunition.

Five minutes later he was again in the city streets. He avoided the Square of the Obelisk, where he could see from a distance a crowd was already gathered. War gongs and drums were being beaten in the neighbourhood of Punhri's palace.

The utmost disorder prevailed throughout Kandara. On this eventful morning no one thought for a moment of going about his proper business. All was excitement and commotion; for the word had passed from one end of the city to the other that Punhri had returned; the Sorcerer had risen from the dead, to be more powerful, more invincible than ever. Punhri was, indeed, now playing his trump card. He had got rid of Dario and Tremayne for the time being. The Bodyguard was considerably reduced in strength. If he attacked the Palace he could not be opposed by the firearms of the Europeans.

Neil Ranson hurried on his way, keeping to the shady side of the streets for fear that he should be recognised. Fortunately for the boy, Punhri had not thought it needful to post guards at the city gates.

Neil lost no time in reaching the open country, where he set forth running toward the great wood that lay on the lake shore to the east. Here he was safe, though it took him more than two hours to reach the village that he had seen in the starlight. Though the peasants of the country spoke a dialect of their own, the boy had very little doubt that he would be able to make them understand him.

He found the fishermen busy with their nets, which they were drying in the sun. Some score of boats lay moored in the narrow creek around which the village was built.

The first person he met was a woman who expressed considerable curiosity at beholding one of the white men, of whom she had often heard. As a matter of fact, Neil at this time was so unburned that his complexion was as dark as that of the majority of the natives, though his blue eyes and brown hair betrayed his nationality.

The good woman desired to ask the boy a hundred questions; but Neil made it clear to her that he was in the greatest haste, that matters of grave import were even then taking place within the city. Thereupon she led him to the headman of the village—a wrinkled old fellow with a head completely bald and shaped like an egg.

He bowed low when he learned who his visitor was, and then declared that more than once he had

seen the White Wizard in the streets of Kandara.

"A giant in stature," he declared; "more a god than a man. And they told me in the city that his wisdom was the equal of his strength."

"That is true enough," the boy replied. "But I am not here to speak of my own tribe. In Kandara things have come to this pass: every man must declare himself to be either for Punhri or the Queen. You and your people, like the rest of us, must choose. Will you throw in your lot with Zarasis, with whom are Dario and the White Wizard of whom you speak? Or will you join hands with Punhri the Sorcerer, a man who follows only the dictates of his black and jealous heart?"

"I am for the Queen," said the old man. "We are simple fishermen who reverence the traditions of our country. The forebears of Zarasis have ruled this land since the beginning of the world."

"Then realise," said the boy, "that this very day the Queen is in the greatest peril. My friends and I are ready to die for her. I can promise you that if you throw in your lot with us you will not go unrewarded, should the day go for the Queen."

CHAPTER 31 A Race for Life

THE old man hesitated. For a while he mumbled to himself, as if unable to make up his mind. It was the jingling sound of the silver coins that caused him to come to a decision.

"I have here money," Neil went on; "more than you and your people can make in many moons by means of fishing in the lake. I am ready to divide half of this now between those men who are willing to help me and take what risk there is. The rest they shall have when the work I want them to do is completed. And, needless to say, you shall have your share."

The headman agreed. He was certainly now hot and strong on the side of the Queen.

Neil soon explained what he wanted. He already realised that the boats that he had seen during the night were those which had carried Dario and the others to the sacred island. He therefore asked for the loan of eight boats, and men enough to row them out to the island. He made no secret of the danger, explaining that there was little doubt that, as soon as ever they put out from the shore, Punhri's followers would set forward in pursuit, and woe betide them if they were overtaken.

The old fisherman was no fool. He looked at the sky; he glanced at the surface of the water, which was smooth as glass. "There is

no wind," said he. "There is not a breath of air. They cannot hoist a sail to chase us. The money you offer is worth the risk."

By means of blowing a queer-shaped horn, he summoned together the inhabitants of the village; and when he had explained to the younger men what was wanted, there was no lack of volunteers.

Neil was therefore able to pick his men; and he was careful to choose only those who were strong and between the ages of twenty and thirty-two.

Each boat could only be propelled by means of a long oar at the stern; but Neil selected sixteen men in all, in order that there might be two in each boat, so that one could relieve the other in cases of emergency.

It must have been about ten o'clock in the morning when they set forth upon the broad waters of the lake. The eight boats moved in two lines, four abreast, and made straight for the island, which could be seen but dimly in the distance through a thin haze that had spread itself upon the surface of the lake.

On the other hand, toward the city of Kandara, the atmosphere was remarkably clear; and the white houses, palaces, and temples, as well as the city wall, could be seen in every detail.

Neil, who was in one of the foremost boats, kept a sharp look-out upon the wharves and jetties of the harbour. He could see there quite distinctly the figures of armed men who patrolled to and fro; and presently it was quite manifest that an alarm of some sort had been given, for many people were seen hurrying toward the boats.

Neil knew at once that they had been sighted, that they would have to row for their lives. However, he had every reason to feel confident. Punhri's followers who were starting in pursuit were more than a mile away.

There was not a breath of air to fill a sail; and had the chase been taken up by small rowing boats similar to those of the fishermen, the boy and his companions must reach the island long before their pursuers. Unfortunately there were in Kandara several big war canoes, some of which could accommodate as many as twenty rowers. And the boy's heart sank within him when he beheld one of these shoot like an arrow from the harbour and take up the chase.

There followed a breathless race for life, during which the loyal fishermen strained every nerve and muscle to reach the island before the war canoe. Each man worked desperately with his oar, using all his strength and weight; and no sooner did exhaustion get the better of him than he was relieved by his companion.

Neil Ranson, compelled to remain inactive, felt his heart beating within him like a hammer. Looking back from time to time, he saw that the war canoe was rapidly drawing down upon them, whereas the other boats that accompanied it were a long way behind.

The fishermen carried arms, the short swords worn by the majority of the men of the nation who were of fighting age. But the war canoe was now so close that Neil could see that it was manned by soldiers of the civic guard, who were armed with long spears and bows and arrows.

Yard by yard, as the seconds flew, the fugitives were overtaken. The island now showed clearly in front of them; the black rocks, the white monastery on the hilltop, and the long flight of stone steps leading upward from the beach.

So close now was the canoe that they could hear the loud shouts of the civic soldiers; and once or twice an arrow was discharged that fell but little short of the last boat.

Beyond a doubt it looked as if Neil's gallant enterprise was doomed to failure, when the boy ordered his own canoe to drop astern of the others, and then opened fire with his revolver.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

John and His Boots

JOHN was a clown, a bright and happy clown, though he lived all alone in a little flat in Paris.

He loved his work passionately, and when he got home after the evening's performance he kept up his tricks and nonsense as if he were still on the stage.

Merry John was terribly noisy, and everybody in the house knew it except John himself; but as they were all fond of him they said nothing about it, but just put up with his troublesome ways.

Alas! One day came a new tenant in the flat below, a very pleasant man named Renoir.

Now, Renoir was an elderly man, and he knew no peace at night through the antics of Merry John.

He tried to get accustomed to the unaccustomed sounds, but try as he would, he could not. He tried to forget him; but he could not.

One thing specially exasperated poor Mr. Renoir—it was the way that John threw his boots to the other end of the room when he took them off. Every night regularly between eleven and twelve o'clock came the same two horrible bangs.

It was really very trying to have this same noise going on night after night.

Mr. Renoir preferred to stay awake rather than be awakened with a start. So he would go to bed at his usual time, but lie awake waiting for John's return; and his nights were entirely spoiled.

At last, after some weeks, tired of the whole business, Mr. Renoir thought to himself:

"Why should I not go and explain matters to John? He must be kind-hearted—all clowns are; he will understand, I am sure."

And off he went to John, who quite understood and promised never to throw his boots about again.

The next night Mr. Renoir went to sleep quite early. At twelve Merry John rushed into the house as usual, brimming over with the success of his performance. He unlocked his door, took off one boot, and threw it across the room. The bang had never echoed so loudly through the floor; it was so loud that it suddenly reminded the clown of his promise.

"What a stupid ass I am!" he murmured to himself. "What about my poor neighbour down below?"

And, much confused, he gently laid his second boot on the floor with every precaution. It was a great ordeal for the "poor neighbour below," for, startled by the first sound, he expected the second to follow, and naturally waited for it—with every nerve strained.

He waited so long that morning dawned before he could fall asleep again. And the second bang, as of course we know, never came at all!

THE C.N.'s SISTER

Fifty of the bodies belonging to the heads published in the C.N. £100 Competition have been given in the C.P. Have you found them yet? Buy the C.P. and join in this fascinating game. Here are a few of the contents of this week's issue of the C.N.'s sister paper.

The Man Who Frightened a Tiger
A Remarkable Story from India
A Picture Journey Round the World

This Week's Journey takes us to Florence, the Loveliest City in Europe.

The Wonderful Bracelet and What Comes Out of It

The Amazing Career of the Lackey Moth Told in Pictures

The Dutchman in a Box
A Chapter in the Life of Hugo Grotius

The Bran Tub
With Something for Everybody

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Edited by Arthur Mee
Every Tuesday Everywhere

April 11, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

11



Now Comes the Glory of an April Morn



D! MERRYMAN

"ARE you going to broadcast your speeches?" asked an admirer.

"Oh! I haven't decided yet," replied the politician. "I don't like to divide attention. I've noticed that when a speech is broadcast, instead of saying, 'Wasn't it a wonderful speech?' everybody says, 'Isn't wireless a wonderful invention!'"

An Enigma

MY labour done, in splendid bower
Confined I long remain;

Waiting for that important hour
Which sets me free again.

Then, gayer than in pristine day,
And to my owner kind,
I leave, ere I pursue my way,
A precious gift behind.

Solution next week

The Irishman Again

AFTER a spell of dry weather there was a heavy fall of rain, and an Irish farmer said to his neighbour: "An hour of rain like this will do more good in ten minutes now than a month of it would do in a week at any other time."

Too Dangerous

"THIS new puzzle together we'll do," growled the lion, "I've solved quite a few."

But the poor timid hind
Said "I am not inclined,
King of Beasts, to have cross words
with you!"



The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke were walking down a lane when near a big new building they saw a hoisting crane.

"I'll put that bag upon the hook," young Marmy cried with glee. "And then we'll start it working, what fun it's sure to be."

Young Marmy reached out for the hook and then alas! he felt something moving at his back, round about his belt.

The hook had caught in Marmy's belt and up on high he went—such a thing may happen off to boys on mischief bent.

Up and up he went and then, down and down he fell,

And when he'll leave his bed again I really cannot tell.

Do You Live at Hackney?

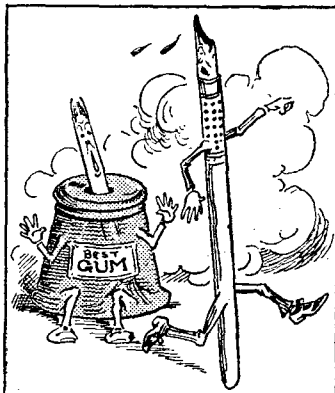
THE name Hackney has nothing to do with the word hackney for a hired horse or coach. It really means the Isle of Haccra, but who Haccra was we do not know. The name is familiar in old records, and he was probably a local chief.

WHAT kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery.

WHY may it be said of two persons who have settled a dispute that they are half-witted?

Because they have an understanding between them.

Time to Unstick



"THE office is on fire!" squeaked Pen,

"We must run fast and far;
And though you're Gum you can't afford
To stick just where you are!"

Is It Long Enough?

IN Switzerland an engine has been invented called the "hochdruckkondensationsdampflokomotive." The inventors are now wondering where to put the name. The engine may not be long enough, but perhaps a cross word puzzle could find room for it!

WHAT relation is the door-mat to the doorstep? A step farther.

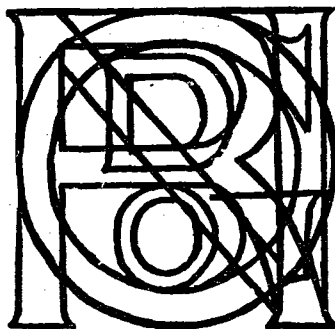
A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in sugar and also in sweet,
My second's in pucker and also in pleat,
My third is in every and also in each,
My fourth is in chestnut and also in beach,
My fifth is in cistern and also in tank,
My sixth is in rattle and also in clank,
My seventh's in creeping and also in crawl,
My eighth is in calling and also in bawl,
My ninth is in England and also in Wales,
My tenth is in bargain and also in sales,
My whole you will find very useful and neat
For reading or singing or a walk in the street.

Solution next week

WHAT is the longest English word?
Smiles; because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

A Monogram



This monogram is composed of the letters in the name of a great English soldier. Can you find out what it is?

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word. Meat, eat, at

A Charade. Sofa

Who Was He?

The Learned Friar was Roger Bacon

Jacko Gives a Lesson

JACKO was very fond of his grandfather. And the old gentleman was very fond of Jacko, though he said the boy was not nearly studious enough for his liking.

"I like young people to take an interest in books," he said. "There's far too much rushing about nowadays."

One day, when Grandpa Jacko came to the house, he was horrified to find that the baby couldn't count and didn't even know his alphabet properly.

"A shocking state of affairs," he said severely. "Why, at his age—"

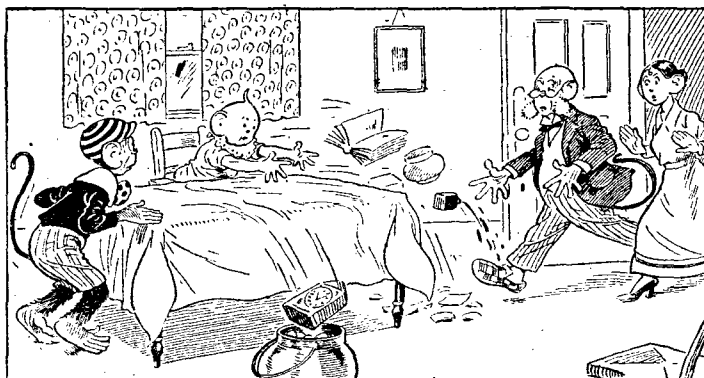
Jacko didn't wait to hear any more. He had a brilliant idea, and he rushed out of the room straight up to the nursery.

"I'll give Baby some lessons," he said. "Grandpa will have no end of a surprise next time he comes."

The baby was sitting on the floor, playing with a furry rabbit, and wasn't at all pleased when Jacko took his toy away.

"We're going to do lessons now," said Jacko grandly. And he picked up the baby and sat him down in his high chair at the table.

Then he got out an old book which Mrs. Jacko said she had learned to read by. It was called Reading Without Tears, but



Baby made a clean sweep of everything on the table

Jacko wasn't very hopeful about that! The baby wanted his rabbit, and looked as if he might cry any minute.

However, there were lots of pictures in the book, and the baby soon forgot about his rabbit. He pointed at a picture of a cow and said "Moo," and Jacko was delighted.

"We're getting on splendidly," he said. "The child's quite intelligent."

But the baby didn't seem to be able to make head or tail of any of the other pictures, and Jacko soon got quite tired of trying to make him understand.

At last he hit on the idea of doing without the pictures.

"Better show him the real things," he said. And he pointed to the cat, and said CAT.

The baby said it after him, and Jacko was enormously pleased with himself. He began to think he would be a school-master when he grew up!

"A very fine system of teaching," he said. And he put a lot of other things on the table and began to tell the baby what they were all called.

But the baby wasn't a bit interested. He wanted his furry rabbit again, and soon he began to cry.

He made such a noise that Mrs. Jacko and Grandpa Jacko rushed into the room. And they were just in time to see the baby put out his hand and make a clean sweep of all the things that Jacko had put on the table.

A vase was smashed to smithereens on the floor, and the clock fell into the coal-scuttle with a crash. And a bottle of ink went all over Grandpa Jacko's new trousers.

"Coo! Baby will catch it!" said Jacko, with a grin.

But the baby got off scot free. It was Jacko who "caught it." He went to bed without his supper!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Hot Spring in England

A hot-water spring has been discovered in England at Stroude, near Virginia Water.

A boring was being made for a well, and it was necessary to go to an unusually great depth. The boring has been carried out to a depth of 1023 feet, and, after piercing through a stratum of green sand, hot water gushed out and ran down the hill into the main road.

Une Source d'Eau Chaude en Angleterre

On a découvert une source d'eau chaude en Angleterre, à Stroude, près de Virginia Water.

On s'occupait du forage d'un puits, et il s'agissait d'atteindre une profondeur peu commune. Le forage a été continué jusqu'à une profondeur de 1023 pieds, et, quand on eut percé une couche de sable vert, l'eau chaude jaillit hors du puits et coula au bas de la colline jusque sur la grand'route.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Canary

THE canary was a present from Aunt Nell.

"For the children, with Aunt Nell's love," said Mother, reading the label. "What a lovely little bird!"

It was—the prettiest of canaries in the prettiest cage, and at first the children were so excited over it that they did not think a great deal about the label.

It was after Mother left the room that Jim began to argue.

"I don't see how one bird can belong to us both," he said to Ruth. "I'm the eldest, and the canary is mine."

"I shall write to Aunt Nell," declared Ruth, getting very red.

While they were quarrelling Baby Roley quietly opened the cage door. The bird slipped under his hand and flew away out of the window.

"You stupid!" cried Jim.

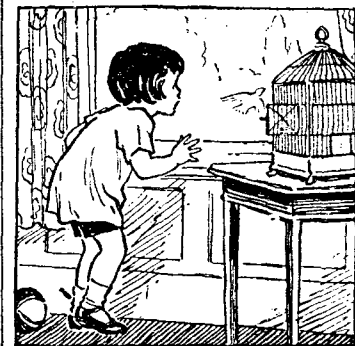
"I wanted the little bird," sobbed Roley, "for myself."

But already his brother and sister had dropped down from the window on to the grass in pursuit of the lost pet.

At first it really did seem as if they might catch it, for Master Dick fluttered from bush to bush as though afraid to spread his pretty yellow wings and fly right away. But when Jim made a grab and missed him the canary took fright, and, flying over the high hedge, disappeared into the lane.

The children ran on. At the gate of Rose Cottage they met Harry Sanfold. His freckled face was all abeam.

"I've had a bit o' luck, Master Jim," he said gleefully. "Our lame Lizzie, her's always been beggin' for a canary bird. That's been her wish since her



The bird flew away

had to take to lying on her back, and, if you'd believe, as I came along there were a yellow canary flew almost up against me. Lizzie, she's as happy as a queen."

Jim and Ruth were squeezing hands tightly, but they did not say one word about what they had lost. Instead, they went back and told the whole story to Mother.

"It served us right for quarrelling, Mum," added Jim bravely, "and it was just as if the canary settled for itself whom it would belong to."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

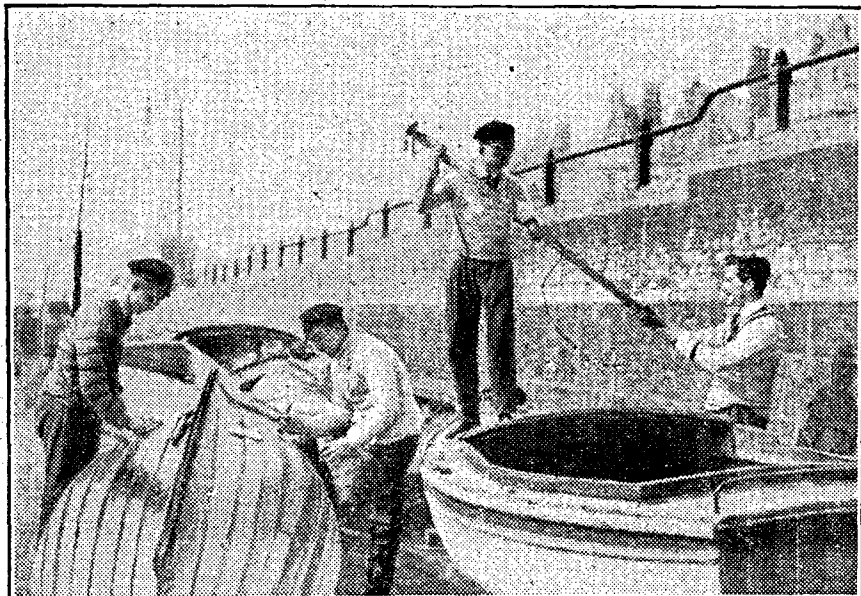
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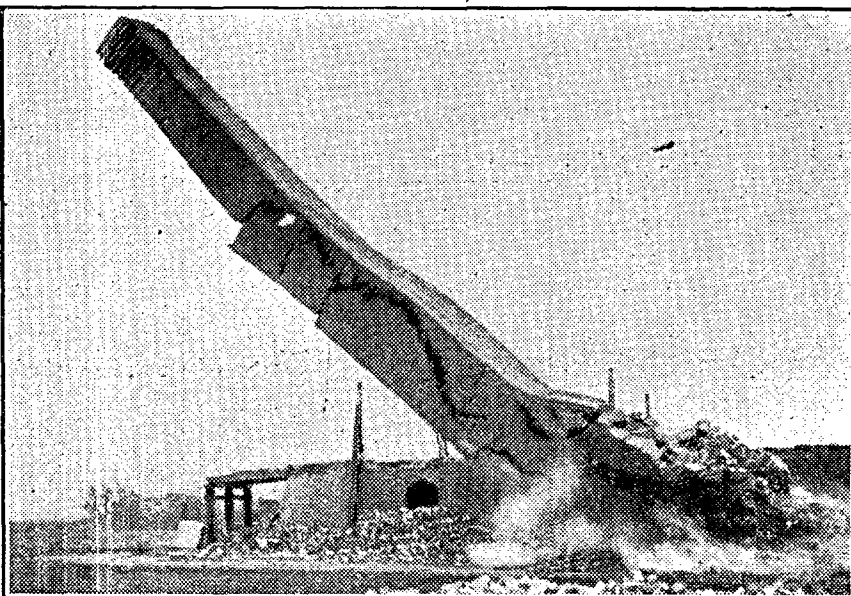
Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

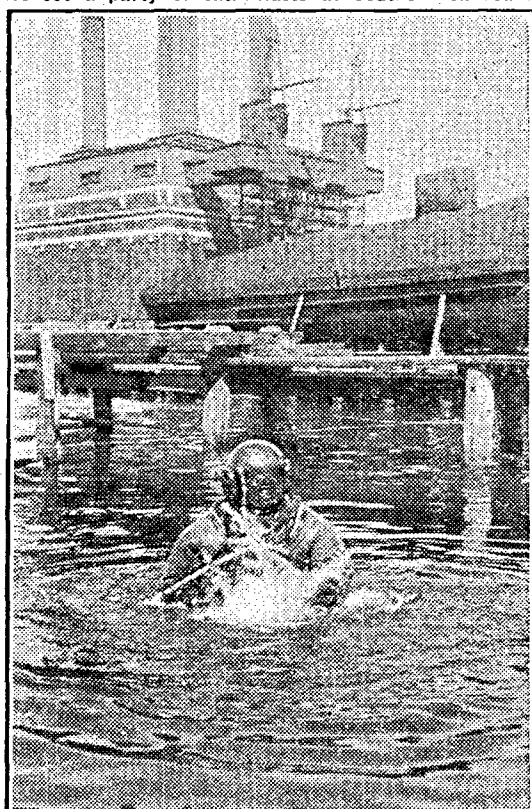
A GIANT FALLS · SIX-MILE WALK UNDER WATER · A BIG EASTER EGG



Getting Ready for Summer—The coming of Spring is a busy time for sailing boat owners, who are everywhere smartening up their craft for the summer sailing season, and here we see a party of enthusiasts at Southend-on-Sea hard at work refitting their craft



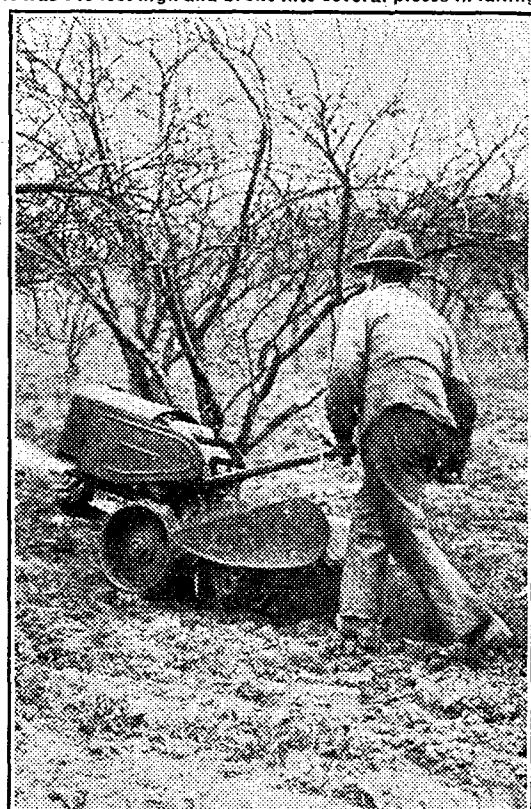
The Fall of a Giant—This interesting photograph shows the demolition of a huge chimney which stood in a brickyard at Oxford, the photographer having obtained his picture when it was half-way through its fall. It was 140 feet high and broke into several pieces in falling



A Six-Mile Walk under Water—An American diver is here seen rising to the surface after completing a very extended submarine tour of Lower New York Bay. He walked more than six miles under the sea to examine submerged water mains, and see if any needed repair



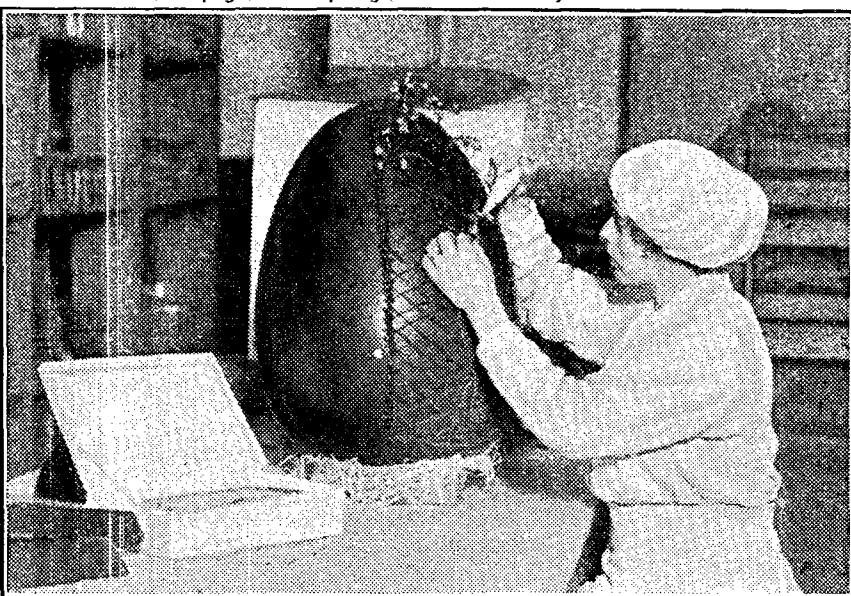
The Air Postman Passes Over Durban—This striking picture is an excellent example of how different things look from an aeroplane. A machine engaged in the new South African air mail service is flying above Durban, and the heavy surf of the Indian Ocean is seen breaking on the coast far below. See page one



A Motor Plough for the Orchard—A new machine called the Rototiller, which is here being tested at Swanley, in Kent, is very handy for ploughing under overhanging trees in orchards. It is driven by a small engine and can plough two acres in a day. It can be used between bushes



Donkeys Busy Again—With the coming of Easter there is a big demand for donkey rides at Brighton and other seaside places, and in this picture we see a happy party of children on the sea front about to set off for a canter. Each donkey bears its name on a head band



A Big Easter Egg—This is a busy season in the shops where Easter eggs are sold, and tens of thousands have been bought ready for next week. The one in the picture weighs 15 pounds and is having the final touches put to it. The practice of giving Easter eggs is growing

THURSDAY IS C.N. DAY—TUESDAY IS C.P. DAY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922) Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency R/R